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## THE CHINESE WOLF AND THE EUROPEAN LAMB.

Few Englishmen take the trouble to study the Chinese character and all are therefore happy to hear that it is incomprehensible. Hardly one in a hundred thousand is aware of any established facts of China's history, polity or religion, which would warrant or excuse the attitude of the Powers towards the Celestial Empire; yet that attitude, although frequently modified, has been uniformly unfriendly. Even professional politicians and cautious statesmen often treat the Far Eastern problem as a schoolboy tackles the sum set him just when the clock is striking for the end of the lesson of arithmetic. The results have been ethically worthless and economically harmful.

This negligent attitude of elegant or superior indifference is the avoidable cause of the costly blunders made by diplomatists who have had to deal with the followers of Confucius. It is also the reason why the present Viceroy of India "put his money on the wrong horse"—as Lord Salisbury would express it—and led all England to look forward to the utter defeat of Japan by China as the outcome of the wanton war between those two States. The same slipshod method of taking on trust as genuine data mere opinions,

epigrams and labels is to blame for the German Kaiser's Olympian thunder against the "land of beasts," which his Imperial Chancellor afterwards pooh-poohed as a fit of political sneezing, calling for a mere ejaculatory "God bless you!"

Had statesmen and diplomatists set themselves seriously to sift the real from the seeming factors of the problem, the cynic would never have been gratified by low farce in a harrowing tragedy. The main events which have marked Europe's relations with China during the past few years would, if dryly chronicled, sound wildly improbable, and the only possible comment thereon is summary condemnation. To take but a sample: Wilhelm II, who is undoubtedly the shrewdest statesman of our times, declared war on China one day, made it officially clear another day that war with China was the very last thing he contemplated, and then sent a very wisely worded telegram to the Imperial Son of Heaven. During the war which was waged, but not formally declared, no quarter was given to Chinese regular soldiers; in battles and skirmishes no prisoners were taken, and after easily-gained victories wounded enemies, instead of being cared for, were put to death like ven-

omous reptiles;<sup>1</sup> nay, thousands of defenceless and well-meaning Chinamen were slaughtered in cold blood, and not always, it is said, with the swiftness or the minimum of physical pain with which the man of average humanity would snuff out the life of a wild beast. In Tung Chow and Peking Chinese girls and women of all ages were raped first and bayoneted afterwards by men whose governments were wrapping themselves up in the soft wool of Mary's little lamb. A Christian crusade against the heathen Chinese was publicly preached by one of the highest of the German clergy, and a large part of the Press of Europe re-echoed the pious sentiments, which, however, were listened to without any unseemly ecstasies of delight by the heathen and atheistic Japs who formed the vallant vanguard of the chosen troops in this holy war. These events will, as the German Kaiser said, mark the beginning of a new era in history, but an era, one may hope, in which strenuous efforts may be put forth to infuse humanity into war and Christianity into European diplomacy.

Yet the elements of the Chinese question can, if clearly stated, be grasped even by the man in the street. But he must first clear his mind of bias.

To begin with, he must put aside the notion that China is an Empire in the European sense. All schemes and treaties based upon this assumption are foredoomed to failure. The Celestials are even devoid of what we could truthfully term a central government. The nominal head of the State lacks the military force needed to make his will respected throughout the land. Whenever he issues unwelcome edicts, he must, in the distant provinces, get

them accepted by dint of moral pressure, or else be prepared to see them quietly ignored. And neither monarch nor people has ever been known to regret this ousting of brute force by moral suasion—a state of things which even Europeans profess to yearn for as their own highest ideal. Militarism has long since been done away with by the Chinese, who are essentially a law-loving race.

Long before Christianity was preached, the Emperor Shun, whose fame has outlived the rise and fall of many peoples and empires, called a meeting of notables, and told them that the mental and moral gifts of one man, however generously heaven might have bestowed them, were not enough to enable him to govern well a great empire. The good offices of upright and wise men were indispensable. He asked them, therefore, to give him twelve such as helpmates, and having received them, he set them over the provinces which were out of his immediate reach. Since then viceroys and governors have, in most respects, been monarchs. Their authority they receive from the Emperor, but they exercise it according to their individual consciences or changing interests. Even now the head of the State wields but a moral influence over them. Personally he is bereft of the means of compelling those who administer far-off provinces to do his will, and they often set up their own in opposition to it with impunity.

Emperors, even of the Manchu dynasty, acknowledge their helplessness in this respect without false shame or courtly euphemisms. It is but three years since the present Son of Heaven pleaded it as a sufficient reason for not

<sup>1</sup> The British forces took prisoners when possible, and looked after the wounded. I myself spoke to a Boxer who was being cared for in the field hospital just as if he were a wounded British soldier. Down to the close of October, none

of the European troops approved the principle or imitated the practice, and some foreign officers accused the British of carrying humanity to the point of dangerous sentimentality.

giving to the Germans the satisfaction which they were eager to take themselves in Kiao Chow. The Imperial satraps deem it needless to get their master's assent to many of their administrative schemes; they coin their own money, to the exclusion of that of other governors, cut canals, build or tear up railways, and even raise or disband armies without giving him the chance of a veto. But nothing could be more characteristic than the fact, which every one can verify, that the war with Japan, upon which the very existence of the empire—if left to itself—depended, was waged, not by China, but only by the Viceroy of Tshili and Manchuria, who found the money, raised the troops and failed to withstand the invaders.

But if the Bogdykhan is not all-powerful in his empire, neither are his adjutants omnipotent in their provinces. In a country where custom has been crystallized by religion, and piety is a code of politeness, there is no more room for a horde of petty tyrants than for one mighty despot. Provincial governors, it is true, practice systematic extortion to save themselves from slow starvation, but it is bearable, precisely because it is systematic, customary, limited and allowed for in the estimates of taxation and in the budget of the individual. When it ceases to be that the governor who is answerable for it ceases to rule. If extortion is heavy, taxation is light, combination is easy, and the mutual help is widespread. The people are extremely patient—up to a certain point—but that limit once overstepped, the inhabitants of a village, district or province may become a band of conspirators, or an army of rebels almost in the twinkling of an eye, while the other villages, cities or districts look on inactive. Public opinion is a much more effective weapon in China than in Europe, and far more easily wielded. It is a purely

moral force, and both governing and governed are more sensitive to moral forces than to any other. I have been told of a Chinaman who was flogged twice very severely for theft, but with no deterrent effect. The third time no physical punishment was ordered; he was simply condemned to be sent to his native village and to stand there for one hour daily during three days, with a paper on his back, stating the nature of his crime. Thereupon that "incorrigible" man begged to be flogged or sent to prison, but not to be forever disgraced. He was ready to promise or endure anything rather than face public opinion. Religion, education and habit have made these checks sufficient for all ordinary purposes. The Chinese mind is eminently practical and bends when the alternative is breaking. Moreover, the people have so thoroughly assimilated the principles which underlie their political organization that the mere symbol of authority is generally enough to command their prompt obedience.

Hence they are as free from the plague of bureaucracy as from the curse of militarism. One mild official, a bland Ogniben, can keep thousands of men in order as efficiently as an army of police or gendarmes. China is the only country where this negative boon is fully enjoyed. The vitals of Europe are literally gnawed by hosts of hungry officials, who devour the substance of the working classes as locusts eat up corn. Greece and Spain, for instance, are undermined by these administrative bacteria. China with its 428 millions manages to get on very well with about ten thousand civil servants, all told. The people need no middlemen to come between them and the State, in fact, their craving is to live and work and die with as little State interference as possible. And they govern themselves in their own way, gather in their own taxes, con-

bine with neighboring villages to keep their roads and canals in repair,<sup>2</sup> and generally manage their affairs with much greater freedom than the French, Germans or Italians. Their governor has to be ever on his guard not to brave public opinion and he is always keenly aware of the wholesome necessity.

Guilds, about which we are sure to hear a good deal in the future, offer a striking instance of the people's power, and a frequent occasion for the exercise of the democratic virtues. An arbitrary act committed by a governor can turn a guild into a secret society within the space of a few hours. All the members combine like waterdrops in ice. There is no limit to their force of resistance, no bounds to their powers of endurance, no stop to the generosity of their self-sacrifice. But even in the humdrum times of piping peace, when altruism lacks the stimulus of injustice, the member of the guild stretches out a helping hand to his unlucky or ambitious comrade. They lend each other money with a readiness which Europeans would term recklessness, and trust to each other's honesty rather than to paper, which they scarcely ever blacken with the record. Several instances came to my own knowledge; one, especially, impressed me, where a man gave a brother member all his earnings to help him to carry out a contract. The sum thus lent amounted to 1,500 or 1,700 dollars—quite a fortune for a man in that walk in life; no receipt was asked for by the lender, or given by the borrower, and the loan was duly paid back, without interest. The power of combined action, the ease, rapidity and secrecy with which it can be brought to bear upon any one point, and the impossibility of baffling it by legalized violence, will, I feel sure, do more to

thwart Europe's selfish, commercial and industrial plans in China than a million of armed Boxers. Heretofore the guilds have generally used their power for the good of their members, which seldom differs from that of the community, for they, too, need the active support or the benevolent neutrality of public opinion.

A very curious check was put upon the Emperors ages ago by one of themselves, and unpalatable though it must have been to many of his successors, it was respected by them all, and has proved of priceless value to Chinese historians. The truth-loving monarch appointed a special commission, and charged its members with the duty of placing on record all the good and the evil done or uttered by each "servant of heaven" himself, and by all the men of mark of their own time. Each one jotted down whatever he deemed noteworthy or characteristic in that respect, and dropped the manuscript through a slit into a strong box to which no one had access. The Commissioners did their work, each one according to his lights, and were accountable for what they wrote to no mortal. The receptacle was not opened during the monarch's reign nor during the lifetime of his son, nor even while any member of his house was seated on the imperial throne. These materials for history remained untouched and unseen until the dynasty was overthrown. Then, and then only, were they taken out and utilized. Once a Bogdykhan, named Tai Tsong, craved permission to glance at the contents of the inviolable strong box. The President of the Commission reminded his Majesty, in reply, that custom was against him, that the bad as well as the good sayings and doings of royal and famous personages were written down unvarnished, and that to read

<sup>2</sup> The roads in general have become very bad under the Manchu dynasty. The once splendid

stone road between Tung Chow and Peking is now a danger rather than a help.



them would be to do away with the independence of the Commissioners and with the institution itself. Thereupon the Emperor forewent his intention, and the annalists continued to do their work without fear. Their written records formed the groundwork of the history of the Chinese Empire, which the Jesuits did into French about a century and a half ago.

A government based upon principles and embodied in institutions like these is capable of becoming as perfect as the men who administer it, which is higher praise than can be meted out to some of the Constitutions of Continental Europe. The vices and blunders of the individual official, not the theory, should be made to bear the blame of its shortcomings in practice. The people themselves are content with the machinery; their complaints are urged only against the administration. But nothing could more clearly prove the little hold which the Peking Government and its head have upon the masses, or the political units, than the remarkable circumstance that ever since the Imperial Family quitted Peking, the machine has been working quite smoothly, rather better, indeed, than usual, and without any serious hitch anywhere. The 428 million inhabitants, with their eighteen languages and three religions, are none the worse for the change. Withdraw, in like manner, the central power from France, Germany, Spain or Russia, and the results would be fateful to these peoples, and probably fraught with danger to their neighbors.

The Chinaman enjoys much greater freedom than the inhabitant of some of the States which are so eager to befriend him. He can go about whither and when he lists without let or hindrance from police or officialdom. He knows nothing of passports, which render the Russian's life a burden, and often bind the *mooshik* to the soil from

which he seeks to escape; he has no periodic dealings with the authorities, like the Austrian, German and Frenchman; he snaps his finger at military conscription; he is hampered by no law of association such as European States enforce; he can call meetings, address street gatherings, combine with his fellows, criticize the Government in spoken and written word, and even object to the maintenance of the Manchu Dynasty. He is handicapped by no invidious distinctions between classes and masses, the only categories being the literary and the non-literary, and any man born of honest parents has all careers open to him, and may, if Nature has not been too chary of her intellectual gifts, become the equal of a Mandarin and a Mandarin himself. It is much easier for a poor man's son to become ambassador in China, than for a person of the same class to push his way into diplomacy in Great Britain.

The faults of the Chinese—and they are many—are mainly the outcome of their good points. Accustomed to pay close attention to little things, they often slur over the great ones; ever prone to cultivate the form, they frequently overlook the substance. Hating evil, they shun rather than combat it. Obligated to support their parents and to help their kith and kin, the moment they are invested with authority they "squeeze" the people to an extent which is bounded by a fear of vengeance, but is rarely moderated by qualms of conscience. This, however, is only natural; even the man who is too honest to steal or extort for his own little self will make no bones about doing either or both for his country, his community, his family. In this case the selfishness is less apparent, and the motives more mixed than usual. Hence, for the same purpose, justice is bought and sold so commonly that the tribunals are feared as

much as the prisons. "If ever you put your foot in the law-courts," says a Chinese proverb, "nine buffaloes will not succeed in drawing you out again." "When one man has a law-suit, ten families sink into misery, and he who gains a cat is sure to lose a cow."

In like manner, a strong love of justice, which seems to be inborn in the Chinaman, tends to overshadow and stunt the growth of the self-denying virtues which we rightly regard as the basis of all true morality. The Chinese forbear to preach what they rarely practice, and are, to that extent, poorer in ideals. But the level of social morality is not lower than in Christian countries. Rather higher. A man once asked Confucius whether it would not be well to requite evil with good. "Wherewith would'st thou then reward good?" was the reply. "Let evil be met with justice," the teacher added, "and good with good." This is the corner-stone of the Chinaman's dealings with his fellows. It explains why he stands to his bargains and scrupulously carries out business contracts which, instead of bringing in profit, inflict a heavy loss upon him, why he is so amenable to reason, and so devoid of obstinacy when he finds himself to be in the wrong, and why his rage at injustice renders him as cruel as if he were possessed of seven devils.

It would be unfair, however, to infer that the higher virtues are unknown to the Chinese. Indeed, it is a moot point whether they are less common than in Christian communities. Self-denial is certainly less noticed in China, because where it regularly occurs it is looked upon as a matter of course, at which no one is elated or surprised, and when irregular is ascribed to other motives. A good son will offer up his life for his father without hesitation or vainglory, even when the sacrifice entails the most horrible physical torments. Numerous and often unrecorded are the

instances where a man offers himself as a substitute for a criminal condemned to die for the sake of a few pounds, which he bequeaths to his famishing parents. Thousands of cases are on record where the well-bred daughter of people who have come down in the world forsakes, with pent-up sorrow, her kindred, forfeits all her prospects in life and sells herself into the most harrowing slavery known in modern times—a brothel—solely in order to support her starving mother. A people capable of heroic acts like these cannot be truthfully labelled "Immoral." Their efforts may be ill-directed, but the essence of all morality is motive. In the branch of ethics which includes courtesy, good breeding, tact and all the outward acts which laws and public opinion can prescribe or forbid, the Chinese have no equals. They carry out their great teacher's counsel: "Work much, eat little. Pay great attention to small things. Nothing is more important than that which appears to be of no moment. Let your pleasures and your pains be always moderate. In this way you will attain harmony of heart."

Such in brief traits are the bulk of the people whom even missionaries have been known to class as barbarians, and whom the Powers have been treating as wild beasts. "Let Europeans once realize," said two missionaries to me, "that we are dealing with savages, that it is not Christianity which is in handgripes with Buddhism, but the white civilized citizen with the savage, and they will speedily shift their sickly sentimentality to other objects. One cannot set to work to better the lot of savages with the same methods which we would employ were we seeking to improve the condition of cultured men and women. He who can get even the British public to grasp the cardinal fact that the follow-

ers of Confucius were pitchforked into a place among civilized peoples by dreamy scholars as the result of a fluke, will merit well of—of—of humanity.”<sup>3</sup>

Sentimentality is always misplaced in politics, but in Europe it no longer imminently threatens to supplant national “interests.” And I found very little sentimentality, sickly or healthy, wasted upon the Chinaman. In truth, his own dignified bearing, quiet cheerfulness, enlightened egotism, and introspective rather than expansive nature are peculiarly unsuited to draw it forth. As a rule, the heathen Chinese suffers silently, and dies calmly. He has, it is true, a deep-rooted hatred of war, and sometimes a paralyzing fear of being shot down in battle. But he takes beheading, hanging, or death by torture with as much resignation as did Seneca, and a great deal less fuss. And he bears the loss of those near and dear to him with the same serenity, heroism or heartlessness. But he does not often move to pity, and very seldom yearns for sympathy. The dire sights which any one might have witnessed during the months of August and September in Northern China afforded admirable illustrations of this aspect of the national character. The doings of some of the apostles of culture were so heinous that even the plea of their having been perpetrated upon wild savages would not free them from the nature of crimes.

I myself remember how profoundly I was impressed when sailing on one calm summer's day up to the bar of Taku towards the mouth of the river Pei-ho. Dead bodies of Chinamen were floating seawards, some with eyes agape and aghast, others with brainless skulls and eyeless sockets, and nearly all of them wearing their blue

blouses, baggy trousers and black, glossy pigtails. Many of them looked as if they were merely swimming on their backs. Hovering over each was a dense cloud of flies, and higher still, in the hot, heavy air, unclean birds of prey wheeling round and round, but never once descending. They had long been battenning on shore, and had grown squeamish. The sky was stagnate with heat; the air quickened to fire, and quivered till its vibrations were visible to the eye. There was not a breath of wind to stir the leafage of the willows on the distant banks. Away out in the offing one could descry the heads of men swaying from side to side with a motion very different from drifting. On drawing nearer and looking through the glasses, I became aware that scores of Chinamen, scattered over the space of many miles, were up to their necks in water. Each and every one of these toilers of the sea was standing upon stilts fishing for soles, and holding a net which he worked with both hands. Their heads were imperfectly shielded from the sun's blistering rays by the coils of their plaited hair, and their bodies, up to their necks, had been soaking thus in brine since early morning. These men were working for the surviving members of their families. Far as they were from each other they were still more distant from the shore, the nearest stretch of which was some three miles off. Now, none of these busy fishermen ever moved away from the bodies of their townsmen, which kept floating slowly past, each accompanied by its black cloud of flies, and infecting the air for many a rood around. Those wretched helots who thus left the dead to bury their dead had little of the magic power that excites fellow feeling. And it would have stood them in poor stead if they had possessed it. Yet they sorely needed solace; for their souls were as com-

<sup>3</sup> I have neither the intention nor the right to imply that the men who spoke thus were typical missionaries.

pletely steeped in misery as their bodies were in water. "Funny fellows, the Chinese; heartless brutes," was the only comment I heard as we sailed past and other scenes gradually unrolled themselves to our eager gaze.

The next picture that engraved itself upon my memory had for its frame the town of Tongkew. The contrasts there were specially striking. Vessels of every kind, steam launches, barges, sampans, junks and sailing boats, commanded by the culture-bearers of the world, and manned by the Chinese barbarians, were passing each other on the winding river. Now and again one of the civilizers would strike one of the uncivilized in the ribs or on the back, eliciting nought but a mild conciliatory smile. The narrow creeks which here cut far into the land are spanned by picturesque bridges over which Chinamen were coming and going with seeming unconcern. On the right bank naked children were amusing themselves in the infected water, which covered them to the armpits, dancing, shouting, splashing each other, turning somersaults, and intoxicating themselves with the pure joy of living. A few yards behind them lay their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, dead, unburied, mouldering away. On the left bank, which was also but a few yards off, was the site of Tongkew; a vast expanse of smoking rubbish heaps. Not a roof was left standing. Hardly a wall was without a wide breach; formless mounds of baked mud, charred woodwork and half-buried clothes were burning or smouldering still. Here and there a few roofless dwellings were left as if to give an idea of what the town had been before the torch of civilization set it aflame. Every one of these houses, one could see, had been robbed, wrecked and wantonly ruined. All the inhabitants who were in the place when the troops swept through had

been swiftly sent to their last account, but not yet to their final resting-place. Beside the demolished huts, under the lengthening shadows of the crumbling walls, on the thresholds of houseless doorways, were spread out scores, hundreds of mats, pieces of canvas, fragments of tarpaulin, and wisps of straw which bulged suspiciously upwards. At first one wondered what they could have been put there for. But the clue was soon revealed. In places where the soldiers had scamped their work, or prey birds had been busy, a pair of fleshless feet or a plaited pigtail protruding from the scanty covering satisfied any curiosity which the passer-by could have felt after having breathed the nauseating air. Near the motionless plumage of the tall grass happy children were playing. Hard by an uncovered corpse a group of Chinamen were carrying out the orders they had received from the invaders. None of the living seemed to heed the dead. Altogether it was one of those sights which burn themselves into the memory for a lifetime. Here was the scene less of a battle than of a massacre, more grim and gruesome than that which had once taken place in the hall of the Nibelungen; streams of blood had watered the parched earth, given moisture to the dry air, and mingled with the thick water of the river—the lifeblood of the kith and kin of the very men who stood talking there about the dreariest prose of life. And now that the dew of slaughter had scarcely waxed stiff, those survivors chatted as though their faces were of marble and their hearts of ice, while the once famished dogs prowled about sated, sleek and fastidious.

Feeling that I never know a man until I have been permitted to see somewhat of his hidden springs of action and gauge the depth or shallowness of his emotion, I set myself to get a glance at what lay behind the mask.

of propriety which a Chinaman habitually wears in Tongkew as in every other town and village in the Empire. As soon as the ice seemed broken I asked one smiling individual: "Why do you stay here with the slayers of your relatives and friends?" "To escape their fate if we can," was the reply. "We may be killed at any time, but while we live we must eat, and for food we have to work." "Were many of your people killed?" I inquired. "Look there," he answered, pointing to the corpses in the vast over-ground churchyard, "and in the river there are many more. The Russians killed every Chinaman they met. Of them we are in great fear. They never look whether we have crosses or medals; they shoot every one." "You are a Christian, then?" I queried. "Yes, a Christian," he eagerly answered, "And I," "And I," chimed in two others. Ten minutes' further conversation, however, brought out the fact that they were Christians not for conscience sake, but for safety, and they were sorely afraid that they were leaning on a broken reed. The upshot of what they had to tell me was that the Europeans, mainly the Russians, looked upon them all as legitimate quarry, and hounded them down accordingly. They and theirs they declared, had been shot in skirmishes, killed in sport and bayoneted in play.

But the ever-recurring refrain of their narrative was the massacre in cold blood of the three hundred coolies of Taku. In Chinese minds it is the acme of the reign of terror. And in sooth this wanton spilling of innocent blood vies in horror with the *noyades* of the French Revolution. But so also do various other deeds wrought by troops of other nationalities. Yet it was recounted to me by those Chinamen with the painstaking exactitude and unemotional brevity of the annalist, whose emotions distance of space and time

have quieted. Anger suggested no epithets, hatred prompted no comments, but it was none the less clear to me that there was a reservoir of pent-up passion in the breast of the narrator and his fellows which, were the occasion propitious, would drive him to mad deeds of cruelty calculated to make the very devils tremble.

The story has been often told since then, not merely in the north, but throughout the length and breadth of China. The leading facts as narrated on the spot are these: Some three hundred hard-working coolies eked out a very cheerless existence by loading and unloading the steamers of all nations which touched at Taku. For the convenience of both sides they all cooped themselves up in one boat, which served them as a permanent dwelling. When times were slack they were huddled together there like herrings in a barrel, and when work was brisk they toiled and milled like galley slaves. Thus they managed to get along, doing harm to no man and good to many. The attack of the foreign troops upon Taku was the beginning of their end. Hearing one day the sharp reports of rifle shots, this peaceable and useful community was panic-stricken. In order to save their dreary lives they determined to go ashore. Strong in their weakness, and trusting in their character of working men who abhorred war, they steered their boat landwards. In an evil hour they were espied by the Russian troops who at that time had orders, it is said, to slay every human being who wore a pigtail. Each of the three hundred defenceless coolies at once became a target for Muscovite bullets. It must have been a sickening sight when it was all done. But it was not on that "sentimental" ground that the Chinese felt indignant at it; they stigmatized it as an act of cruel injustice. It was also utterly useless. "It may be right



to give no quarter to your enemies in battle," some of them said to me, when talking the matter over, "to us that appears to be a rule which only warped minds would lay down, and none but savages would follow. But in military matters we are behind the times, and may be wrong. Still, even if it be advisable to shoot down your enemies in battle without mercy, does it not behoove you at least to see that they are your enemies, and that you and they are in battle? Those coolies were no man's enemies, and they stood in greater fear of a skirmish than a hare does of the hunting hound. The troops know that that is so. They were poor, unenviable wretches, wildly holding on to the last rung of life's ladder, and whose deaths would be mourned by no man. The only people who ever missed them have been sea-captains, who could not get their work done at the bar. Why then butcher them? They could inflict no harm upon Europe, and would not if they could. Their lives were spent in working for the foreigner. Kill the Boxers, shoot down the imperial troops, and hang all who have abetted either, if wholesale slaughter be helpful to you, but why massacre the innocent as Europe has done?" I answered nothing, but I thought that, without the aid of "sickly sentimentality" an ordinary mind could perceive truth in the principle and force in the argument.

The river Pei-ho, could it bear witness in words to the dramas of blood enacted on its banks by Europeans, would have many a tale to tell as gruesome as that of the slaughter of the three hundred coolies. But the stream is silent as it flows sluggishly through a swampy land which is rotten with dead men's bones. A much-frequented waterway between Tien-tsin and Tung Chow,<sup>4</sup> it is at once an Aceldama

and a Cloaca Maxima. A drop of its water is concentrated pollution, which leaves a stain that clings and emits a stench that sickens. It is filled with the decomposed fauna and flora of all China, has the consistency almost of treacle, and looks to the stranger like a solid mass of mud with a few inches of surface water on the top. Now and again huge masses of soft green scum, resembling monstrous sponges, drift slowly down, making themselves felt before they are seen. I lived for twelve or thirteen days on that foul river, and never was I more profoundly impressed than by what I saw in its waters and on its banks. The first day after I had left Tien-tsin I was towed by untiring coolies through a land thickly studded over with what had once been human dwellings, but were now high heaps of smouldering rubbish. Here and there a gorgeous door remained standing, one of the silent witnesses of the thriving community which had lived here and died. Many a signboard and placard was still intact, and there was a touch of terrible humor in the singing-hall poster which I saw on the entrance to a maze of ruins, for it might have just been stuck up, so fresh and bright were its colors and illustrations. Beside the door sat a human form with leaden eyes bulging out from their orbits, and a few houses lower down loomed a large inscription: "Perpetual peace." We were traversing an improvised city of the dead. One dwelling, which had the appearance of wholeness, aroused my curiosity, and utilizing the time afforded me by the snapping asunder of the tow-rope, I jumped ashore and entered it. It had been gutted. Everything within had been destroyed except in one room. There the stale remains of a frugal meal were still recognizable, but on the ground, beside two stools,

<sup>4</sup> Tung Chow is about 17 miles from the capital of China.

lay the man and the woman who should have shared it. They were horribly slashed up; three chopsticks lay at their feet. In the courtyard was a little child, its hair done up in four plaits, interwoven with red ribbons, its head crusted with black clotted blood, and shrouded by a swarm of flies. Nor was this by any means the only scene of its kind. And yet throughout this weird necropolis there had lately been heard the sounds of laughter and weeping, the lisping of innocent children, the articulate joy of fathers and mothers! In the twinkling of an eye it had all been transformed, and fathers, sons, daughters and mothers now lay hidden in the mould, covered with matting, buried in the rubbish or floating down the river. A wave of death and desolation had swept over the land, washing away the vestiges of Chinese culture. Men, women, boys, girls and babes in arms had been shot, stabbed and hewn to bits in this labyrinth of streets, and now, on both banks of the river, reigned the peace described by Tacitus. In the trees of the deserted tea-gardens and in the great weeping willows by the way no solitary song-bird relieved the eerie silence; the bats alone flitted about in the dusky air, and ungainly carrion birds circled around with funereal clang of wings.

And now came the long line of boats and the endless procession of men. The barges were being towed up the river by coolies and Chinamen of various social layers, who had been compelled by force to become coolies. The boats being heavily laden, moved with a scarcely perceptible motion. The banks were lined by Russian, American, Japanese, Indian and French soldiers who were told off to guard the vessels and hinder the lagging of the men who were dragging them forward. There was a veritable Babel of tongues and a Bedlam of jarring and deafening noises, such as might drive sensitive

men mad. Screams, shouts, shrieks, huzzas, yells and curses merged and mingled in a whirlpool of thundering sounds, mastpoles crashed and were pulled down, hawsers snapped in twain, steersmen fell headlong into the yellow ooze, naked coolies floundered about in the river, showing the steersmen the way; a row of coolies, one deep, who were painfully tugging at the tow-ropes, now traversed swamps, now plodded along the river's bed, chanting snatches of lugubrious songs, while, from time to time, the short, sharp reports of the rifles reminded all concerned that worse things than his present lot might befall any man at any moment.

Fire and sword had put their marks upon this entire country. The untrampled corn was rotting in the fields, the pastures were herdless, roofless the ruins of houses, the hamlets devoid of inhabitants. In all the villages we passed the desolation was the same. Day after day, hour after hour, sometimes minute after minute, bloated corpses, pillowed on the crass ooze, drifted down the current, now getting entangled in the ropes, now caught by an obstacle near the shore. Three livid corpses were thus held fast on a little islet in midstream, and the shallows around kept me a few yards to the lee of them for not less than six hours of a scorchingly hot day. Hard by a spot named Koh So I saw two bodies on the low-lying ledge of the shore. Accustomed by this time to behold in the broad light of day some of the horrors which the soil of the graveyard hides from all living things but the worm, I should have glided carelessly past them but for the pathos of their story, which needed no articulate voice to tell. A father and his boy of eight had been shot down in the name of civilization while holding each other's hands and praying for mercy. And there they lay, hand still holding hand, while

a brown dog was slowly eating one of the arms of the father. To Europeans at home such a sight would appeal with force; to Chinamen it is the embodiment of spiritual as well as physical misery, for the son who should have kept his father's memory alive in this world, and been helpful to him in the world to come had been cut down as well as himself. It was like killing a man in his sins so as to ensure his eternal damnation, which was one of the many forms of assassination in mediæval Italy. I looked at the faces of the little boy and his father, and I can see them still, as clearly, and almost as concretely as I saw them on the day. Truly it is not "sickly sentimentality" that marks the attitude of European culture-bearers towards China.

Not only on the banks of the Pei-ho, but also in large cities, I have witnessed the manner in which abandoned houses containing portable property were sacked. As a rule none of the inmates were at home, excepting the dead, who were often numerous. The few valuables which had once been theirs were swiftly sifted, appraised, rolled up in bundles and toilsomely carried off. Very often the remainder were deliberately spoiled, as guns are spiked, perhaps, lest the enemy should profit by them, and sometimes the house itself was set on fire.<sup>5</sup> Once, when we quitted a village, we left a conflagration as of Tophet behind us. "To keep the Boxers from assembling" was the official reason given, and I ought to say that I have no grounds for doubting in this case that this was the real, though, perhaps, mistaken motive.

All the boats with supplies for the troops which were dragged up the river Pei-ho, were towed by Chinese coolies. After the massacre of "the

300 of Taku," coolies did not flock eagerly or in numbers to the European employers, so the Europeans went out into the highways and byways, and drove before them every able and frail-bodied man whom they met, forcing them to serve as coolies, and perform the most exhausting, protracted and dangerous open-air work that can well be imagined. The boats were mostly heavily freighted; the stream abounds in shallows, zigzags, no-thoroughfares and strong currents; the banks are so high that the human draught-horses have sometimes to trudge in mud up to their waists, or to walk for hours in pestiferous water. In periods of peace this work is done by regular coolies—a set of men who, if given sufficient time, will, by the action of the law of adaptation, lose their souls for lack of use. But during the "war" any one who was caught was bound to serve. Fancy the feelings of an English barrister, city man, officer or official, if he were suddenly surrounded by a gang of armed Chinamen, and obliged to choose between work of this kind and instant death! That was what sometimes happened to the Chinese.

The work was all the more arduous that there were not enough coolies to each boat, so that a few men had to perform the task of many. One very heavy barge was dragged by five, two of whom ought to have been in school, and one in an asylum for the old and infirm. The ages of the men pressed into the service varied from seven to seventy. Tugging manfully away at one boat I noticed a gang of four, of whom one was a boy of twelve, his face horribly twisted by nature and wrenched awry by disease, while another was a shrunk, shrivelled-up old man, whose grave was yawning to receive him. Distasteful to them as was the

<sup>5</sup> I was present on several occasions when this method of punishing the Chinese was resorted to. Some of the soldiers tried in vain to dissuade

their comrades from wantonly annihilating property which stood for so much patient toil.

service into which they had been driven, the coolies exerted themselves as no other men in Europe or the world could or would, and seldom did they need the stroke of the stick or bough which was the soldiers' way of reminding them of the necessity of haste. The higher the boats moved upward on the river, the more difficult grew the work of towing. They were once kept at it from 2.30 A.M. until 12.30 A.M., with one hour's official rest during the twenty-two hours. Then they got two hours for sleep, and those who had not fled were up again and working. With a blue rag round their loins, or quite naked and unashamed, they waded for hours in the river, or floundered about in the mud, the fierce rays of the sun playing upon their bare backs, on which the soldiers<sup>\*</sup> had often left blue welts or red raw wounds. Their woes were countless. They were continually in danger of drowning, for many of them could not swim a stroke. They were ever getting cut or hurt. If disabled, they were left stranded in a swamp or a heap of ruins, where they were put to death by the Boxers for the help they had given the invader. One man suddenly found himself astride the hawser of a strange boat, and was almost cut in two. Another at night was struck in the face by a tow-rope, knocked into the river, and kept by the barges from rising until he was nearly drowned. I remember one man who was the best worker we had. His face was wreathed in a perpetual smile, and his zeal seemed equal to his strength, which was that of a latter-day Samson. One evening our boat stopped unexpectedly at one of the bleakest and most desolate spots on the river. The officer in charge inquired what was the cause of the delay. "A coolie disabled," was the answer. Suspecting a case of malingering the officer went ashore to see for

<sup>\*</sup> Not Englishmen.

himself. It was only too true. Our best man had fallen and cut an artery. Much though he was needed, he was reluctantly left behind in the swamp. I was told that there were hopes that he would die there before any Boxers could discover and torture him.

One of the outsiders who had been taken by force and degraded to the rank of a coolie was, it is said and believed, a General or a Colonel. I was informed that on his arrival at Tungtschau he would be shot. Another private and well-to-do citizen had no opium to give him temporary surcease of grief and pain, and what he endured in consequence has no name. Despite the circumstance that he belonged to the better classes, he never once murmured or complained. He did ask for one pipe of opium a day, and was abused for his impudence. On the third day he fell down senseless, and in five minutes was a corpse. It seemed in this case, I will not say cruelty, but woeful waste, to throw away such a helpful hand for the sake of a pipe of opium, at a time when workmen were scarce.

Some of the coolies ran away, risking death from two sides—the European and the Chinese—for a mere chance of freedom. Some were shot at night while being chased, others were caught unhurt and then flogged or executed. Once, after a very hard day's work, some soldiers enraged the cowering coolies, who were getting ready their rice. In the middle of the night they made a successful dash for liberty, and left us with very few hands. A press gang was despatched next morning to all the neighboring villages, but they brought back only the halt, the maimed, the aged, and not many even of these. One ill-starred man, who could scarcely drag himself along even with the support of a stick, seemed to me disqualified for the work of towing the boat.

None the less he tried, clutching his wooden support with one hand and the hawser with the other. The soldiers knocked the staff out of his quaking hand and paid no heed to the signs by which he sought to explain that paralysis of one leg rendered a prop of some kind a necessity. He went into the water with the other coolies, and did his best, but the boat could not be pulled from the shallow. After an hour's work the old man fell, and had to be taken ashore by his comrades. Here he rose and fell again. I photographed him several times. Seeing I was taking some sort of interest in his lot he besought me to set him free, or at least to intercede for him. I did so, and shortly succeeded in having him discharged.

The streets and houses of war-blasted cities were also the scenes of harrowing tragedies, calculated to sear and scar the memory even of the average man who is not given to "sickly sentimentality." In war they would have passed unnoticed; in times of peace (hostilities were definitively over) they ought to have been stopped by drastic measures, if mild means had proved ineffectual. I speak as an eye witness when I say, for example, that over and over again the gutters of the city of Tung Chow ran red with blood, and I sometimes found it impossible to go my way without getting my boots bespattered with human gore. There were few shops, private houses and courtyards without dead bodies and pools of dark blood. Amid a population whose very souls quaked with fear at sight of a rifle, revolver or military uniform, a reign of red terror was inaugurated for which there seems no adequate motive. Even if all the Chinese within the city walls had risen in revolt against the foreigners, the latter would have quelled it almost without an effort. Yet they were kept with a Damocles' sword continually falling

on their heads. No native's life or property was safe for an hour. Men I had been speaking to before lunch were in their graves by sundown, and no mortal will ever know the reason why. The thirst of blood had made men mad. The pettiest and most despicable whipper-snapper who happened to have seen the light of day in Europe or Japan had uncontrolled power over the life and limbs, the body and soul, of the most highly-cultivated Chinaman in the city. From his decision there was no appeal. A Chinaman never knew what might betide him an hour hence, if the European lost his temper. He might lie down to rest after having worked like a beast of burden for twelve or fourteen hours only to be suddenly awakened out of his sleep, marched a few paces from his hard couch and shot dead. He was never told, and probably seldom guessed, the reason why. I saw an old man and woman who were thus hurriedly hustled out of existence. Their day's work done they were walking home, when a fire broke out on a little barge on the river. They were the only living beings found out of bed at the time, and in the pockets of the woman a candle and some matches were stowed away. Nobody, not even the boat-watchman, had seen them on or near the boat. They were pounced upon, taken to the river's edge, shot and buried. It was the work of fifteen minutes or less. Short shrift was given to any native. Europeans had their own business to attend to, and adjudicating matters of this kind could be but an interlude. Executions were too frequent to have much precious time wasted on the preliminaries. No fire ever broke out to my knowledge without a number of Chinamen being immolated next day on the altar of justice or vengeance. The Chinese were treated as Christians were in the reign of Nero.

*E. J. Dillon.*



## EXAMINATIONS IN FICTION.

Perhaps they have a school of fiction in some American universities. A friend of mine, visiting one of these academies, met a lady professor of English literature. She was lecturing on Mr. William Watson, and probably has now advanced as far as Mr. Stephen Phillips. Where did she begin, one asks, if she had already ventured so far down the stream of English poetry? Probably she did not, as the ram in the fairy tale advises, "commence at the commencement." The object clearly was to be up to date. Thus a school of fiction might study nothing earlier than Mr. Thomas Hardy, and pass-men would not be expected to take up anything more archaic than Mr. Kipling.

In 1855 mankind was less advanced. In that year, however, was published "The Student's Guide to the School of Literæ Fictitiæ," put forth from the press of Vincent at Oxford. The Statute founding the school was in Latin, a language now understood by few. It set forth that the young naturally abhor dry studies, as of mental and moral philosophy, physical science and history. They prefer works of imagination. These, the statute innocently observes, avoid all danger of scepticism or free thinking, such as always besets students of history, science and philosophy. Apparently novels were not easy guides to emancipation in 1855. A school of fiction, the statute adds, will suit ladies who profess *principia quæ vocant Bloomeriana*—the ideas of the late Miss Bloomer, the reformer of feminine costume. For these excellent reasons the school is instituted, and lists of books, with examination papers, are issued. The subjects are partly quite old-fashioned, partly were up to date in 1855.

Everybody is to be *vica-voce'd* in "The Pilgrim's Progress" and Adam's "Allegories," for which Nonconformists are allowed to substitute tales by Mrs. Hannah More. "The Fairchild Family" might well have been added. For class-men "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Tales of My Landlord," four of Dickens's novels and three of Thackeray's are the minimum. In the classical division are "Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," "Tristram Shandy," "The Sentimental Journey," three of Fielding's, two of Smollett's, with "Clarissa Harlowe," "Grandison," and "Pamela"—a stiff list. In the modern division are Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, Fanny Burney (two), Charlotte Brontë, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Lytton, Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Yonge's "Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease."

In composition the pass-men's papers appear difficult, and (what is very unfair) they demand a knowledge of books that are not novels. Thus:—

Translate into the style of Dr. Johnson:

"Poetry's unnat'ral. No man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on Box-in' Day, or Warren's Blackin', or Rowland's Oil, or some o' them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy."

Can a pass-man be expected to do this question with any measure of success? I give my own feeble attempt at a reply. It will be seen that Dr. Johnson greatly expands the succinct and simple style of the elder Mr. Weller:—

"That poetry is natural and produced by untutored minds 'according to nature,' is the contention of the Stagyrite. Men commenced poets, he would have us believe, by way of spontaneous im-

provisation—an idea which common-sense rejects and all experience repudiates. Despite the boasts of Pope, no infant ever ‘lisp’d in numbers.’ The report is the figment of the vanity of a mother or the interested invention of a nurse.

“No man ever talked in poetry, unless the alcoholic excitation of the Christmas festival may have prompted a parish officer to declaim in rhyme such matters as, when sober, he would have been ashamed to pronounce in prose. The mercenaries who would extol the merits of such compositions as profess to give to shoes and boots the lustre and hue of ebony may spontaneously celebrate their patrons’ wares in doggerel couplets; and the venal applause of unguents of Macassar may utter itself in the style of the Oriental Eclogues of Collins. Such improvisations, I admit, may exude from the levity of the degraded, and may attract the attention of the frivolous. But, were I to assume the moralist and dictate to the young and the aspiring, I would urge on them the lesson of abstaining, in their conversation, from the insensate attempt to *speak* in a style in which few can attain any degree of merit, even while penning their fancies in the seclusion of the closet or breathing forth their passions in the solitude of inanimate nature.”

This rendering may only be worthy of a minus first, but it is beyond the powers of a pass-man, who, of course, cannot be expected to have read Dr. Johnson. A class-man’s task is to write “an elegy or epitaph on Little Nell, in the style of Pope.” I doubt if *this* will do!

Wayfarer, pause! beneath yon mossy  
stone  
Alone she sleeps, who often waked  
alone!  
Impatient of slow trade and tardy  
gain,

Her sire had ventured on a bolder  
train,  
Impelled his wealth in modish ways to  
seek,  
At Basset, Ombre, Lanterloo, or Gleeck:  
The follies thus and foibles of the  
great,  
Sink to the poor, and poison half the  
State!  
Vainly he gamed; for still the slender  
purse  
More slender grew, and bad was  
changed for worse!  
’Twas then the maid controlled the  
eager sire,  
’Twas she that drew him from the  
city’s mire,  
And strove to soothe him in the rural  
shade,  
Where only rustic needs usurp the  
*spade*;  
Where *hearts* are pure; and though  
rude swains may drub,  
No man imputes his *ruin* to a *club*.  
Wandering they went the ways of la-  
boring men,  
By moor and marsh, by village, field,  
and fen,  
Content, where puppets yield a blame-  
less sport,  
To dwell with Codlin, or to sup with  
Short,  
Or point, amid the waxwork’s mimic  
ring,  
To staring shapes of lady, fop, or king.  
Wearied, at length, within this peace-  
ful vale,  
She died—to make an ending of a tale!  
And many a gentle bosom long may  
swell,  
When taught the history of Little Nell.

The class questions in general can only be answered in essays of some length; for, indeed, the very questions are not short. I confess that, not having read expressly for this school, I do not even know who certain persons of importance were. I cannot compare the political careers and characters of Lord Oldborough and Dudley Egerton, and give a succinct (or any other) “account of the Lansmere election.” Where do we read of Lady Davenant and Rowland

Lester? Perhaps these people occur in Miss Edgeworth's novels, or are they in Lytton's? This is dreadful ignorance, but I would wager that few readers know where the following passage occurs: "Deer Creeter,—As you are the animable hopjack of my contemplayshins, your aydear is infernally skimming before my kymmerical fan-see," with what follows in the love-letter of "Clayrender."

Turning back for relaxation to the pass papers, we note that Oxford is ever in advance of "the Other Shop." Calverley's Cambridge paper on "Pickwick" is famous; I believe that Sir Walter Besant was prizeman. But a similar paper occurs earlier in this Oxford set of questions. Now Calverley was a Balliol man before he migrated to the sister university and introduced Pickwick "papers" to Cambridge—brought them from Athens to Thebes, as Dryden would have put the matter. Thus we are asked, at Oxford, "Can you assign any probable grounds for the popular representation of Mr. Pickwick under the figure of an 'aged ram'?"

Can the reader?

"What data have we for supposing that the politics of Mr. Alfred Jingle were those of a free trader?"

"Define 'alley tor,' 'alleybl,' 'commony,' 'killibeate,' 'tap,' 'have his carcase,' 'mizzle,' 'twopenny rope,' 'small firearms,' 'flummoxed.'"

Here "small firearms" beat me, but I think (though still ignorant of the nature and properties of the "common profeel machine") that I can settle the others. Can the reader tackle "killibeate" and "twopenny rope"? Can he give the context and occasions of these phrases without consulting the book? Who said "fruits is in, cats is out"?

Do you know who Martin Hanegan's aunt was, and can you "examine the peculiar method adopted by her as *arbitra bibendi*"? Quote the lyric in

which she is commemorated! Do you know in what novel Colonel Howard meets Miss Katherine Plowden? I *know*, but I have not read the novel.

Pass questions in Sir Walter Scott are easy. Explain "whaap," "clecking time's aye canty time," "a hantle bogles." But *do*, of all things, explain "a pair o' clecks." Does the phrase mean a driving cleek and a putting cleek? Probably not; but without the context I am puzzled, unless a couple of policemen are intended.

There is a soul of seriousness in frivolous things, and this appears to have dawned occasionally on the author of the skit. Sometimes he is merely fooling as when he says, "Draw a map of Europe, showing the exact position of the public in which Dr. Primrose discovered his lost Olivia;" or, "Discuss the importance of the East Indies (1) to the British Empire, (2) to the development of the plot in 'Guy Mannerling.'" Again, our author, running counter to his own advanced and Liberal principles, demands a knowledge of mental and moral philosophy, of history and of science—all very dry subjects, which he professedly means to supplant by *literæ fictitiæ*. He even takes for granted a knowledge of Greek and Latin. How many of our young and cultured critics of to-day could construe a sentence of Xenophon? Novels (with a very little modern and minor poetry) serve their turn. They could not answer this excellent question: "How far do (1) Mr. Delville, senior, (2) Mr. Dombey, embody the *magnanimous* character of Aristotle's Ethics? And can we recognize in either the former or the latter more than an ideal and practically unattained standard of the virtue they embody?" "The magnanimous man is ὁ μεγάλων αὐτὸν ἀξίων, ἀξίος ὧν: he who justly thinks no small beer of himself." Both Mr. Delville and Mr. Dombey thought no small beer of

themselves—on different grounds, indeed, but on grounds wholly inadequate. They are about equally incensing. But clearly the eager students of *literæ fictitiæ* cannot fairly be asked to know anything about Aristotle. I myself was lately compelled to lecture in a large provincial town, and offered the manager a long string of subjects, from Psychological Research to the Decline of British Bowling, the town being the centre of a famous cricketing county. However, I was told that they wanted a lecture on Novels. Novels, and nothing else, spell culture for the modern public. I rather baffled them by lecturing on the Poetics of Aristotle, and the application of his ideas to recent fiction. Except for a few bold spirits they had to sit it out; but culture was thus merely forced by a kind of violence on readers of the cheap magazines. We cannot force them to come to a school of *literæ fictitiæ* on classical principles.

Again, the founder of the school occasionally asks other serious questions.

"What moral features appear inseparable from the *ideal* hero of Charlotte Brontë, as arrived at by abstraction from the three prominent male characters in 'Jane Eyre,' 'Shirley' and 'Villette'?"

They are all "harbittary gents," and Miss Brontë's *ideal* hero seems to have been a high-minded personage—one who would let a lady "know he was there."

Once more: "Mark the progress of society towards philanthropy by comparing (1) the tone of Fielding's novels, (2) of the earlier and later works of Dickens."

In fact the tone is much the same: Fielding always taking up the cause of the poor and oppressed. But Fielding published a definite system for dealing with pauperism, while Dickens, with Mr. Bumble, was content to cry that whatever is, is wrong. The student

might have been asked to compare Smollett's moral objections to the existence of hospitals, probably to be accounted for by some personal feud with some other physician. The medical studies of Roderick Random might also be compared with those of Bob Sawyer.

"What peculiar conditions of English society may be supposed to have produced the 'gentleman highwayman'? Trace the history of this institution from the time of Smollett to that of Bulwer"—we might now add of Mr. Marriott Watson.

This is an interesting question. The gentleman highwayman was evolved during the Hundred Years' War. Among other gentlemen High Toby men we may name Monstrelet, the Burgundian chronicler; Sir Thomas Gray, the author of "Scalaonica;" and William Selby, who stopped the Cardinal and was hanged by David II. The "Verney Papers" give us the gentleman highwayman of the Restoration, and Evelina miraculously converted a Scotch gentleman who had invested his last remaining capital in pistols and was about commencing footpad. This is a delightful field wherein to expatiate.

As to *pathos*, the following questions are admirable:

"Compare with a view to ascertain the relative excellence of their authors as *pathetic* writers, the death scenes of Clarissa Harlowe, Ruth, Paul Dombey, Guy Morville, Eva St. Clair, Le Fevre."

In my poor opinion Richardson is victorious in this contest, to which the death scene of Colonel Newcome is not admitted, perhaps because it had not yet been published. One might add the question, "What pathetic death-bed scenes occur in Scott, if any?" The pass-man is asked to "give instances from 'Guy Mannering' of the true sportsmanlike spirit which characterizes the author." The reference is to

Bertram and the brock. But Scott was too good a sportsman to make use of death-bed pathos. His moribunds, like Marmion and Frank Rothwell, "die as they had lived, hard," and sword in hand. This topic might be pursued to great length, and we may partly estimate an author's character by the frequency or absence of his pathetic death scenes. I know not if the death scene of old Dumbledikes is to be reckoned pathetic; it is, a little, I think; so is that of the elder Croftangry.

"Enumerate instances from your books where the pathos of a passage either arises from, or is heightened by, the agency of any of the *brute creation*, and analyze the *source* of the emotion in these instances."

The combined death-beds of Dora and of her dog at once occur to the memory; Dickens was double-barrelling his emotional resources by killing off hound and mistress simultaneously. Sir Henry Lee, in "Woodstock," dies with circumstances of good taste, and his dog Bevis does not long survive him; but practically no pathos is extracted. Dickens was wiser in his generation.

When our examiner asks us to "point out any general affinities between the *humor* of Madame D'Arblay and Dickens," he sets an easy question, for Mr. Briggs's style is precisely that of Mr. Jingle, and the rowdy Brangtons are not alien to the method of Dickens. Both Dickens and Madame D'Arblay owe a good deal to Smollett; but both were, as a rule, more truly humorous in proportion as they were much more humane. Not one of the three shrank from caricature. The later writers illustrate a question set, on which a book might be written:

"Does the history of prose fiction up to the present time afford any grounds for conceiving its course to be subject to a law of recurrence in a cycle?"

Probably it does. We begin with ro-

mance and come to realism, and, by a natural reaction, we return to romance. Smollett had scarcely pronounced romance to be dead when he tried a little of it himself in "Ferdinand, Count Fathom," and then came Horace Walpole with "The Castle of Otranto," and Mrs. Radcliffe. American novelists were proclaiming the death of romance just when it was reviving under Mr. Stevenson and many others. This cycle must revolve into itself while novels are read.

Fiction, Mr. Howells and others assure us, has become a much finer art in the course of the present generation. It has usurped the functions of prophecy, science, religion and government, also of Biblical criticism. Consequently papers of much larger scope ought now to be set, and we may offer a few questions more or less on a level with the high tide of progress. Thus:

1. State and discuss Miss Corell's theory of a molecule, distinguishing, if possible, a molecule from a microbe.

2. Criticize Mr. Hall Caine's Biblical knowledge with reference to his theory of the destruction of Sodom. How far is it in accordance (a) with the Hebrew traditions (b) with the evidence of the monuments (c) with the higher criticism?

3. Distinguish realism from naturalism; incidentally contrasting the realism of Furetière with that of Mr. W. D. Howells.

4. Discuss the handling of the "supernatural" by Scott, Mr. Henry James and Mr. Rider Haggard.

5. Criticize the use of hypnotism by modern authors. How far is its treatment by Mr. George Macdonald and Mr. A. E. W. Mason in accordance with the teaching (a) of the Salpêtrière, (b) of the Nancy schools?

6. Give a recipe (a) for an historical, (b) for a prehistoric, (c) for a scientific novel, (d) for a novel of the future.

7. Briefly sketch a romance intend-



ed to demonstrate the genuine and archaic character of the Book of Deuteronomy, showing how you would work in "the love interest."

8. State the etymology of the word "boom." Show how a boom may best be organized. Mention the earliest known date at which the pulpit was used as an engine for booming a novel.

9. Compare the relative value, as boomsters, of the pulpit, the statesman and the press.

10. Compare the merits, in original historical research, of Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Sir Walter Scott and Thackeray.

11. "I never learned grammar." Illustrate the truth of Scott's remark from his novels, and criticise the grammar of Thackeray, Miss Corelli, Dr. Conan Doyle and Ouida, with special reference to their quotations from foreign languages.

12. Discuss American historical novels; mentioning, if you can, any example in which Washington is not introduced.

13. Illustrate the progress of the species by the vast distance which severs the novels of Hawthorne from those of Mr. Winston Churchill (*Americanus*).

14. Discuss the theory that "Esmond" is a work by many various hands, giving reasons for your opinion, and drawing references as to the unity of the *Iliad*.

#### ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

1. Write a poem of not more than one hundred lines, on Purity, selecting "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" as an ideal example of the virtue.

2. A poem in Latin hexameters, conveying the probable sentiments of the Pope as regards Miss Marie Corelli.

3. "Surrender," a poem in the manner of Mr. Kipling, adding a glossary of technical terms, and a brief etymological analysis of such slang expres-

sions as you may think it reasonable to employ.

4. An essay on the theory and practice of the happy ending, criticising the opinion of this subject of Charles II, and giving examples of tragedies with happy endings, in the drama of the Restoration, and in the novel of "Pendennis."

5. An essay on novels in dialect, with special reference to (a) American novels in dialect, (b) the Kallyard school, (c) the novel in Yiddish, (d) the novel in Hindustani. Is it your opinion that the legislature should interfere to abate any or all of these—novels?

6. Essay on the probable effects on English fiction of the institution of an Academy. Illustrate from the example of France, and cite novels of immaculate propriety written by authors (previously improper) under academic influence.

7. Write a letter from Henry Fielding to Mr. George Moore on the principles and practice of the art of fiction, or from Sir Walter Scott to Sir Walter Besant on the topic of publishers.

#### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

1. The probable consequences of a strike of novelists.

2. The advantages and disadvantages, if any, of employing an author's agent.

3. Apply Ricardo's theory of rent to authors' royalties, showing, if you can, that their ratio depends on the profits of the authors most entirely destitute of culture.

4. Has an author a legitimate claim on his publisher for unexhausted improvements, and how does this bear on press corrections?

5. Apply the theory of unearned increment to sixpenny editions of novels.

6. In cases of collaboration, calculate the ratio of profits which should accrue to the collaborator who writes

the book, and give means of discovering which collaborator merely looks on.

7. Discuss the theory of doing without a publisher, and give any reasons that may occur to you for the practical rarity of this method.

8. Discuss the hypothesis that the publisher never, or hardly ever, takes any risks; with reference (1) to novels, (2) to the contemptible remnant of works which are not novels.

9. Discuss the probable effects, good or bad, of a return to the old three-volume system, with special reference to the restriction of output at the pit's mouth.

10. Try to explain why circulating libraries prefer to send out uncalled-for rubbish to their subscribers; and discuss the reasons and results of their conduct in discouraging literature.

11. Comment on the benefits of a compulsory eight hours' law on the novels, morals, health and incomes of any very prolific novelists who may occur to you.

12. "High interest means bad security." Apply this maxim to the choice of a publisher, illustrating from any modern historical examples with which you may be acquainted.

The Cornhill Magazine.

13. How far ought advertisement to be regulated (a) by principles of morals, (b) by principles of taste?

This paper, it may be observed, has no parallel in the old school of *literæ fletitiæ* of 1855. At that date literature and commerce had not formed the close alliance which now unites them. I *ought* to set a novelist's divinity paper; for reasons of reverence I forbear. The paper on political economy is but another instance of the march of progress. By rapidly eliminating all kinds of literature except novels at six shillings, progress has, in one way simplified life. We can boldly say, what most of us think, that poetry is "such *footle*, you know," and we can take all our opinions, without the labor of study, from our favorite romancers. For these reasons even the conservative universities must presently establish a tripos, or school, of fiction.

Dr. Nicholson may grieve, but all the old MSS. and "glorified school books" must be turned out of the Bodleian, an admirable home for a circulating library, to be worked by the delegates of the Clarendon Press, who ought also to set about publishing novels.

Andrew Lang.

## THE NEW CENTURY.

Science is cosmopolitan. Electricity abolishes time and envelops both hemispheres with a new idea as soon as it has emerged from the brain of the Thinker. Mechanics, by its space-annihilating power, has reduced the surface of the planet to such an extent that the human race now possesses the advantage of dwelling, as it were, on a tiny satellite. Both these agencies, then, combine to facilitate a rapid ex-

change of new ideas and commodities, as well as of those who are interested in them in whatever capacity.

These considerations indicate some of the most momentous changes which have occurred in the world's history since the last century dawned.

How have they been brought about? M. Maurice Lévy, in one of those allocations—always so admirable in thought and style—pronounced by the

President of the French Academy of Sciences at the annual public meeting held each December, answered the question for us last month.

Let us never forget that if applied mechanics has arrived to-day at such marvellous results, if we can now calculate beforehand the parts of the most complex machines, it is because long ago the shepherds of Chaldea and Judea observed the stars; because Hipparchus combined their observations with his own and handed them down to us; because Tycho-Brahe made better ones; because two thousand years ago a great geometer, Apollonius of Perga, wrote a treatise on conic sections, regarded for many centuries as useless; because the genius of Kepler, utilizing this admirable work and the observations of Tycho-Brahe, gave us those sublime laws which themselves have been considered useless by the utilitarians; and, finally, because Newton discovered the law of universal gravitation.

From this discovery of Newton, M. Lévy points out, first came the study of Celestial Mechanics, from which was derived later General Mechanics, from which again, later still, Industrial Mechanics, which is now applied every day, has taken its origin. He adds:

It is well to impress the fact that Industrial Mechanics has come down from heaven, upon the utilitarians; upon those who appreciate science only so far as it can be immediately profitable to them; who are always complaining that too much is taught at school, and who regard as superfluous everything they cannot find in a formula, manual or aid to memory.

All our progress, then, if we accept the view to which M. Maurice Lévy has given expression, has come from the study of what was useless at the time it was studied. There is no doubt that this view is correct, and that fu-

ture developments, probably as momentous as those to which we have already referred, will in the future come to us from the same source.

To study the useless, therefore, is as important as to apply the useful, from a cosmopolitan point of view; and all wise governments and institutions should use their most strenuous efforts to aid the first endeavor. The second can very well take care of itself.

There can be no question that the progress of science and of the applications of science to industry will go on in a geometrical ratio, and that eventually every country will benefit by this advance; but if we quit the cosmopolitan point of view and endeavor to form an idea of the results of this advance on any country in particular, another set of considerations comes in.

Our Empire, as it exists at present, and our great national wealth, are the results of the sea-training and prowess of her sons and of the stores of natural wealth in the shape of coal and iron which the first appliers of mechanics found to their hand. The output and first user of coal and iron depended upon the applications of mechanics, and the first user of all these combined enabled us to flood the markets of the world, and for years Britain was the Tubal Cain among the nations. Not only had we a monopoly of export, but so high an authority as Sir Andrew Noble acknowledges that, fifty years ago, British machinery was immeasurably superior to any other. But even this statement does not exhaust all our then advantages. Because we were the great producers we became the great carriers of the world; hence the supremacy of our mercantile marine, and, flowing from this, our command of the sea. At that time Germany did not exist as a united nation, France was mainly agricultural, and the United States were engaged in developing

their enormous and almost unpopulated territories.

But what has happened since? As we have said, science is cosmopolitan, and the levelling effect of this has been that the *material* advantages we possessed in the first instance have disappeared. Other countries, chiefly those we have named, have now their coal and iron and applications of science as well as ourselves.

First among these applications at the beginning of the last century came steam locomotion, the gift to the world of a former "instrument maker to the University of Glasgow," and from the work done on the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1802 have sprung all the navies and railways of the world.

For traction purposes steam is now giving way to electricity; but how different is the rôle that Britain is playing at the beginning of the new century compared with that she filled at the beginning of the old one. We import instead of exporting. The chief London electric railway is American, American coal is producing gas to light the streets of the Metropolis, American cars are now found on our English trains, which on some lines are drawn by American locomotives. British applications to facilitate locomotion, therefore, have ceased to be paramount, and at the same time we no longer occupy the proud position of being the only nation of shopkeepers.

Were this all, it would be abundantly clear that our old supremacy must cease, and from no fault of our own, as it is but a direct consequence of the general progress of science, which includes the facilitating of intercommunications. But, unfortunately, it is not all.

At a time when our ancient universities occupied no higher level than that, according to Matthew Arnold, of "*hauts Lycées*," and when there was little or no attempt at educating the

large majority of the population, Prussia, which, with the rest of the German States, had profited by Luther's appeal in favor of the education of the people, had occupied herself, crushed though she was after Jena, with the founding of universities and with the highest education; while live seats of learning in great numbers were being founded in the United States. The beginning of the new century, then, finds us in a position which every day differs more and more from that occupied by us in the old one, for not only are our natural resources relatively reduced in value, but our intellectual resources are not sufficiently superior to those of other nations to enable us to retain our old position by force of brains.

But even this statement does not truly paint the situation. From time to time since this journal was started in 1869 it has been our duty to insist upon our relative deficiencies in regard to the advancement of science and the higher scientific instruction. Thus, in the very first volume of *Nature*, the absence here of the great facilities and encouragement given in Germany to these matters was clearly indicated. As an early instance of the result of this state of things we may refer to Mr. Perkin's account, in 1885,<sup>1</sup> of the migration of the coal-tar industry to Germany. In later years ample proof has been adduced that in many directions the present British intellectual equipment is not only not superior, but actually inferior to that of other countries, and none too soon the matter is engaging attention in the daily press. Within the last week the *Times*, *Daily Mail* and *Pall Mall Gazette* have called special attention to the reasons which may be assigned for this new and alarming state of things; a writer in the *Fortnightly* has gone so far as to ask, "Will England last the Century?" while Sir Henry Roscoe has expressed

<sup>1</sup> *Nature*, Vol. xxxii. p. 343.

his opinions in a letter to the Times as follows:—

There can be no manner of doubt that a crisis in our national well-being has already been reached. The news brought to us from all quarters proves that our industrial and commercial prosperity is being rapidly undermined. The cry that we are being outbid on all sides by Germany and America is no new one, but it becomes louder and louder every day, and now it is admitted by all those best qualified to judge that, unless some drastic steps are taken to strengthen our educational position in the direction long ago taken up by our competitors, we stand to lose, not merely our industrial supremacy, but the bulk of our foreign trade. . . . The only policy at this time is to strain every nerve to place the country educationally on a level with its neighbors. No effort, no expenditure, is too great to secure this result, and unless our leaders, both in statecraft and in industry, are quickly aroused to the critical condition of our national affairs in this respect, and determine at once to set our house in order, our children and grandchildren may see England sink to the level of a third-rate Power; for upon education, the basis of industry and commerce, the greatness of our country depends.

We must confess that when we come to consider the panaceas suggested by these writers we find much more vagueness than might be expected, and some suggestions which are entirely beside the mark.

Thus we are told that now our Colonies are being more closely united to us we may rest and be thankful; that American industry depends for its success upon the extreme youth of those who are at the head of affairs. Education is referred to as if there were no differences in the methods employed, and finally a newly-developed sloth is suggested as the origin of the apparent

decadence of the most athletic nation in the world.

The question arises, Is there no scientific method open to us to get at the real origin of the causes which have produced the present anxiety?

M. Maurice Lévy, in his allocation, did England the honor to point out how large a share Newton had in founding the industries on which our commercial greatness in the last century was based. It seems to us to be our duty, at the beginning of the new century, to suggest that at this critical time it would be criminal to neglect the labors of another great Englishman—Darwin—which may be appealed to to help us to see what has gone wrong and to forecast what the future has in store for us if we apply the suggested remedies or if we neglect them. In this we possess an advantage over our forerunners. Those labors have shown the workings of an inexorable law which applies exactly to the conditions under which we find ourselves.

The enormous and unprecedented progress in science during the last century has brought about a perfectly new state of things, in which the "struggle for existence" which Darwin studied in relation to organic forms is now seen, for the first time, to apply to organized communities, not when at war with each other, but when engaged in peaceful commercial strife. It is a struggle in which the fittest to survive is no longer indicated by his valor and muscle and powers of endurance, but by those qualities in which the most successful differs most from the rest. We must accept the conclusion that with material outfits now much more equally distributed for this struggle for existence, if Britain be at a disadvantage in relation to any other nation with regard to these qualities, it must go under if such a condition of things is allowed to go on. If this ap-



peal to a natural law leads to such a dire conclusion, it is the duty of every Briton, from the highest to the lowest, to see to it that some efficient remedy be applied without delay.

It follows from what has already been stated that we need not look for these national differences among natural products for the reason that, day by day, such differences are being levelled by the present ease and rapidity of intercommunication.

We do not think that the differences will be found in any very great degree in our primary and technical instruction as it is going on to-day.

If we regard our primary, secondary and higher education, it must be acknowledged that great improvements have been carried out during the last quarter of a century. The establishment of new universities, adapted to the present conditions of civilization, in several great centres, and the promise of more, has clearly shown that, in the opinion of our most important mercantile communities, strong measures are necessary, and they are prepared to make great pecuniary sacrifices to carry them out. Still, the facts show that what has already been done is not sufficient, and that we must do more in these directions; but the present difference in these respects is not entirely sufficient to account for the present condition of things.

Continuing our process of exclusion we finally arrive at the possibility that the present superiority of our competitors depends as much upon Liebig's introduction of practical scientific work and research into the general higher education as did our former supremacy upon Watt's introduction of the steam engine. Voltaire said, "*On étudie les livres en attendant qu'on étudie les hommes.*" The proper study of science gives us a third term, the study of things and laws in action; a study in which the eye and hand and brain

must work together to produce the scientific spirit or properly organized common-sense.

The Scientific spirit existed among our European competitors much more generally than it did with us long before Liebig, and it was utilized over a far wider field of knowledge; but from Liebig's time it has existed among them as the dominant factor in Industry and Commerce, and the closer union between Science and Industry in other countries is, we believe, the true origin of the present difference between them and our own.

Here, we tried to start chemical industries by employing chemists, as Mr. Perkin has told us, at "bricklayers' wages." In Germany they are now carried on by scores, in one case a hundred, of the best trained chemists the country can produce, in research laboratories attached to all the great works. At this moment German artificial indigo threatens to replace the natural product in all the markets of the world as a result of these scientific industrial methods. So soon as Science was acknowledged to be the most important commercial factor, the Reichsanstalt was established by the Government at a cost of 200,000*l.*, and a yearly expenditure of 15,000*l.* to weld science and industry more closely together. An American professor thus summarizes the results:—

"The results have already justified, in a remarkable manner, all the expenditure of labor and money. The renown in exact scientific measurements formerly possessed by France and England has now largely been transferred to Germany. Formerly scientific workers in the United States looked to England for exact standards, especially in the department of electricity, now they go to Germany." And again, "Germany is rapidly moving toward industrial supremacy in Europe. One of the most potent factors in this notable advance is the perfected alliance be-

tween science and commerce existing in Germany. Science has come to be regarded there as a commercial factor. If England is losing her supremacy in manufactures and in commerce, as many claim, it is because of English conservatism, and the failure to utilize to the fullest extent the lessons taught by science."

Britain, of course, is the country in which such an institution ought to have been established more than half a century ago. We are now compelled to imitate it; but the new institution which, before long, may be instituted is on such a microscopic scale that its utility in the present struggle is more than doubtful.

The next conclusion the appeal to the law provides us with is that the improved scientific instruction of those engaged in Industry is not the only line along which our defences must be strengthened. The Scientific spirit must be applied as generally in England as elsewhere.

The increasing complexity of industrial and national life requires a closer adjustment of means to ends, and this can only be attained by those who have had education on a scientific basis, and have therefore acquired the scientific habit. In this way only can we lift the whole standard of our national life to a higher plane, and weld the various national activities together.

We must have a profound change of front on the part of the Ministry and the personnel of Government departments, only very few of whom have had any scientific education and who at present regard all scientific questions with apathy, on the ground, perhaps that, in their opinion, the Nation has no direct concern with them. This feeling may be strengthened by the fact that at present, while the laws of the realm are well looked after by the most highly paid servants of the State, the laws of Nature are left with-

out anybody to form a court of appeal in difficult questions. It is true that to fill this gap our men of science are always ready, when called upon, to spend time and energy in affording, gratis, to the Government advice on any questions which may be submitted to them; and because this advice costs nothing its value is, perhaps, estimated by what it costs.

Our rulers must recognize that, in virtue of the law to which reference has been made, it will not do to confine their energies and the national expenditure, so largely as they do now, to matters relating to the Navy and Army, the functions of which are to protect our world-wide Empire at present well worth conquering, our industries, and our argosies on every sea—products, all of them, of our old scientific and therefore commercial supremacy.

Several obvious corollaries from the law in question indicate very clearly the proper course to pursue, in our own case to retain our position, in the case of our competitors to improve their own in relation to us, and therefore at our expense. There are many signs that our competitors, at all events, have faced this problem and are working on true scientific lines; of this the heavy subsidy of the German mercantile marine may be given as one instance out of many, and here, indeed, we are brought face to face with the consideration that the scientific outlook should really be as important to those in charge of the Nation's future well-being as that concerned with international politics.

If the other nations, by their scientific activity, increase their commerce and therefore their commercial fleets, their national fleets must be increased also. Our present policy with regard to our fleet is well established, so that we are committed to its continuous and well defined increase, while it seems to be the duty of no Government de-

partment to look after the scientific advances which are the only bases of the commerce which is to provide for the constantly increasing expenditure. So that if, in the future, a constantly reduced commerce and commercial marine, and therefore reduced national income, are in store for us, we shall have, because of this condition of things, to face a constantly increased expenditure upon our fleet.

These considerations are only typical of others which are well worth considering at the present juncture by men possessing the scientific spirit. What is the best way of utilizing the combined forces of the Empire, in times of peace, under the present conditions? It is clear that no merely sentimental

bonds will be sufficient. We may add that peaceful conflicts between industrial peoples are not alone in question.

With regard to preparation for war, history has already taught us much. Of two competitors, if one be fully armed both for offence and defence, and the other is not, there is no doubt as to what will happen. That nation will be the best off which utilizes the greatest number of its citizens both for war and peace. A large standing army in times of peace, is a clear indication that the scientific spirit has not been sufficiently applied to the problem, and it is to be hoped that now the future of the Nation is being discussed, the attempts to put our house in order will be made on scientific lines.

Nature.

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### THE CHANGE OF CENTURY.

From Time's great water-clock—whose seconds spell  
Our centuries—into the timeless sea  
A drop has fallen to-night, not silently  
But with an answering music; in whose swell  
And fall are mingled tones innumerable,  
Pæan and battle-cry and splash of tears—  
Echoes of all things that, a hundred years,  
The world has wrought and suffered, ill or well.

What shall the master-note be, when the days  
Bring back that music? What shall most resound  
Of the new century's gain? A pathway found  
Through yielding air; a garnered sunlight; skill  
To sense the soul? Or but an old, cold phrase  
Fanned into living flame—"Peace and Goodwill"?

The Academy.

Mary A. Woods.

## THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

## IV.

## THE OUTSIDER.

"Have you heard the latest, Miss North?" asked Fitz Anstruther, as he escorted Mabel down to the scene of action. The five young men who were staying in the house had nearly come to blows over the difficulty of deciding to whom this privilege ought to belong, but Fitz stepped in and disappointed them all equally by the calm announcement that it was his by right. He was Major North's recognized deputy, and if the appointment held good in matters of duty, it was only fair that it should do so when pleasure was in question. The justice of the contention was grudgingly admitted, and Fitz was the proudest man in Alibad when he drove to the ground that morning in his smart new buggy, with Mabel, the glories of her gown hidden by a tussore dust-cloak, seated beside him.

"No. What has the Commissioner done now?" she asked.

"Bahram Khan has entered his name for the Keeling Cup!"

"And does that mean that the sky has fallen?"

Fitz regarded her pityingly. "You don't see it as we do," he said. "Wait until you have been out a little longer. It seems that with a view to cementing the reconciliation he has brought about, the Commissioner saw fit to invite the Nalapur Princes to honor us with their presence to-day. Ashraf Ali and Bahadar Shah didn't quite see themselves figuring in triumphal procession, and both discovered that they had urgent business at home. But Bahram Khan duly turned up last night with his train of attendants, and is condescending

enough to join us in our sports to-day. The Commissioner has a theory that in such mimic warfare as this the fusion of the English and native races proceeds apace, and Bahram Khan is doing his best to gratify him by poking himself into the race for the Keeling Cup—our very tiptop, crack, *pucca* event."

"But did General Keeling patronize races? I shouldn't have thought they were at all in his line."

"They weren't; but then this isn't a race in the ordinary sense of the word. It was first run just at the time when everything in Khemistan was named after him, and besides, it recalls one of his own pet dodges. They say that he used to subject the men that wanted to serve under him to pretty severe tests, and this was one of them. He used to rouse them up in the middle of the night, and they had to turn out without boots, catch a strange horse and ride him round the town without a saddle, and with only a halter for a bridle."

"It is to be hoped that the town was smaller in those days?"

"Of course it was. We don't exact such a distance as that now. The ponies are all turned loose without saddles, and the men in slippers have to catch them and mount. Any man who catches his own is disqualified. Then they have to get them round the course without bridle or whip of any kind. I notice that the spectators are always pretty nearly dead with laughing before the end, while the competitors get black in the face with restrained emotion."

"But you don't mean that General Keeling really treated his officers in that way?"

"I do, indeed. He had to weed them

out, you see, or he would have been overrun with volunteers. Oh, you may believe my word, Miss North, even though I once had a report returned to me by a jealous Secretary with the remark that I should do well to quit the Civil Service for the path of romantic fiction. The pains I took over that report! You see I had an inkling that it would be seen by a very exalted person, who is great on district officers cultivating a literary style in their writings. I can truly say that there never has been such a literary gem sent in since Macaulay left India. It was written in the most beautiful English—though I say it—full of tender touches and delicate conceits, and as to quotations, and Oriental imagery, and wealth of imaginative detail! Ah well, it's better not to think of it," and Fitz sighed deeply.

"Why? Did it bring down upon you a rebuke from the Great Great One?"

"No, Miss North, for it never reached him. The Secretary intercepted it, naturally enough. Who would ever have looked at his minutes again after it? But at least it furnished him with an ideal to strive after. I have reason to believe he is in a lunatic asylum at this moment. The effort was too great, you see."

"That was rather close," said Mabel irrelevantly, as the wheel shaved the basketwork tray of an itinerant sweet-seller by the roadside.

"He shouldn't be so intent on his prospective gains. Look how many of the fellows there are about! That shows we are near the ground. They flock to this place from all quarters when they know there's a *tamasha* on."

They had reached the enclosure by this time, and Mabel found herself the centre of an admiring throng. Pale-faced ladies from other stations glanced at her dress casually, and remained to gaze long and fixedly, her Alibad admirers brought up friends to

be introduced, and both the old slaves and the new displayed a keen anxiety to station themselves for the day in the neighborhood of her chair. With the exception of the race for the Keeling Cup, the sports were wholly military in character, and the program was a lengthy one, but Mabel did not find the hours pass slowly. Everything was new and interesting, from the splendid native officers, with fierce eyes flashing under enormous turbans, who dashed up on fiery steeds and bore away triumphantly an unresisting tent-peg, to the latest recruit who exhibited his *sang-froid* by holding out his bare hand, with what Mabel considered privately an excess of confidence, for his *daffadar* to cut a lemon upon it. There was the inner circle of troopers of the Khemistan Horse, reinforced to-day by such veterans as old Ismail Bakhsh and his fellow-*chaprasis*, keenly critical, but above all things solicitous for the honor of the regiment. There were the notables of the district, grave and bearded men in flowing robes, who looked as though they might have sat for a gallery of Scriptural portraits, but who exhibited an anxious deference when Dick glanced their way which suggested that their relations with him in the past had occasionally been those of criminals and judge. At the farther side of the course was the motley throng of dwellers in the native town, and hangers-on of the cantonments, with faces of every shade of brown, and clothes and turbans of every variety of color. And lastly, close at hand, there was the little group of English, not taking their pleasure sadly, for once, but making the most of this rare opportunity for the exchange of news and opinions. The Commissioner's was the dominating spirit here, naturally enough; or at least he shared the general attention with Mabel, but she was quite aware as she met his benevolent smile, that



he was making her a graceful present of a portion of the homage due to himself.

The last event but one upon the program was the tug-of-war between six men of the Khemistan horse and six of the Sikhs who formed the Commissioner's escort—a contest which was fought out with the greatest obstinacy, but in which the visiting team finally obtained the victory, to the unconcealed lamentation and resentment of the local representatives and their friends. The triumphant Sikhs found no sympathizers except among the *sahib-log*, and the English applause was cut short by the necessity of preparing for the last race, in which it was a point of honor for every man to take part who could possibly do so.

"A solemn sacrifice to the memory of the adored General Keeling!" said Mr. Burgrave in a low voice to Mabel, as they watched their late companions assembling upon the course.

"Oh, but what is that native doing?" cried Mabel, forgetting what she had heard that morning, as a tall, lithe man, wearing the green turban of a descendant of the Prophet, stepped out from the group of notables, and joined the competitors.

"That," was the smiling answer, "is Bahram Khan, hitherto the bugbear of the frontier, henceforth, I hope, our friend and ally."

"I don't like to see him there. He spoils the look of it," she said impulsively.

"Bahram Khan offends your eye? Ah, Miss North, you must pardon a poor statesman. I am no authority upon æsthetic questions, I must confess, whereas you—well, you could scarcely not be one."

A smile emphasized the compliment, and Mabel turned away rather hastily, and addressed a casual remark to Flora Graham. Compliments were all very well, but she did not approve of

the adroit way in which Mr. Burgrave repressed her whenever she began to talk of political matters. Flora had no eyes for any one but Fred Haycraft at the moment, however, and Mabel was obliged to turn her attention to the course. The signal for starting was just then given, and there ensued a wild *mêlée* of men and horses, the men as eager to mount as the animals were determined not to be mounted. Presently one or two successful riders forced their way out of the scrimmage, and by degrees most of the competitors secured a mount of some kind, but some were still left struggling when the foremost appeared round the curve of the course.

"Oh, dear, he has no chance!" wailed Flora, referring to her *fiancé*, who was one of these unfortunates. "That's Bahram Khan's pony he has got, and of course it won't let a white man mount it. Well, every one must see that it isn't his fault. Oh, he is up at last!"

But his tardy triumph was of little avail, for just as Fred Haycraft urged his unwilling steed on its way, Bahram Khan, mounted on the bay pony which was the especial pride of Fitz Anstruther's heart, trotted gently past the winning-post. The absence of hurry, as the luckless Fitz remarked afterwards, was at once the finest and the most irritating part of the performance.

"The nigger's won!" remarked a grizzled old officer who had served under General Keeling, in blank amazement, and as the truth of his words broke upon those around him, they were followed by a low whistle of dismay. The Commissioner, who had himself led the applause in which the rest were too much stunned to join, glanced round sharply, and at the same moment Mabel found Dick at her side.

"Look here, Mab, you'd better ask the Commissioner to give the prizes. I

never thought of this. These fellows are not like us—they don't understand things. Get into a back seat quickly without any fuss."

Mabel stared at him blankly. She was to relinquish her part in the events of the day, the glorious hour to which she had been looking forward for more than a week, to disappoint all her admirers and hide herself and her gown where no one could see them! But Dick's face was adamant, and he repeated his order peremptorily, until she rose and moved reluctantly towards the Commissioner, touching him on the arm.

"My brother says I had better ask you to distribute the prizes," she said, with disappointment in every tone. Mr. Burgrave looked at her in astonishment, then his face took a harder set as his eyes fell on Georgia, who was endeavoring to console Flora for her lover's ill-success. Of course it was her doing. A faded woman in a gown that might have been new two seasons ago—how could she be otherwise than jealous of the radiant vision before him? "And no wonder, poor thing!" said Mr. Burgrave to himself, with contemptuous pity, but she must learn that it would not do to make mischief where her beautiful young sister-in-law was concerned.

"My dear Miss North," the Commissioner's voice took its most fatherly tone, "don't be afraid. Nothing would induce me to rob you of your pleasure."

The words were loud enough for Dick to hear, and Mabel saw him frown angrily as she returned to her place, half-proud and half-afraid of her triumph. He said nothing, however, but took his stand immediately behind her, the very embodiment of silent displeasure. The sense of his hostility served to irritate her further, and she heartily wished him away. His rigid face would quite spoil the effect of the picture she had

intended to present, and he was taking up the room of other people whose attendance she would have preferred. But she was determined not to give in, even when the Commissioner's encouraging smile smote her with a feeling of treachery, in having appealed to him against Dick.

The regimental prize-winners came up in their order, the natives, now that the momentary excitement was over, wearing an air of stately boredom, which seemed to declare that sports and prizes alike were a species of child's play, in which they took part merely for the sake of humoring the unaccountable whims of their officers. With the officers it was different, for Mabel read in their faces that although sports were good, and to earn a prize was better, both these faded into insignificance compared with the joy of receiving that prize from her hand. This was the very feeling that it most pleased her to inspire, and she loved the "boys," as she called them in her thoughts, better than before, if that were possible.

Nevertheless, this glow of pleasure was short-lived. A short pause followed the appearance of the Sikh headman to receive the tug-of-war prize, and Mabel felt, without turning her head, that Dick's still disapproval had infected all the Englishmen around. Once more she hardened her heart. It was detestable to see this wretched racial snobishness in the men she had admired so much. They would have liked to spoil the whole affair, and deprive her of the one piece of romance which had come to brighten the humdrum proceedings, rather than allow a native not belonging to the regiment to carry off a prize. She, at least, was above such petty considerations, and Bahram Khan should receive as gracious a smile as any of his fellow-competitors. One other person was of her mind, she

saw, for the Commissioner clapped his hands lightly, and with infinite condescension, as Bahram Khan swaggered up. Mabel stepped forward, and met the glance of the bold eyes under the green turban. As she did so she understood suddenly the secret of Dick's displeasure. The smile faded from her lips, and the hand in which she held the Keeling Cup trembled. She stopped and faltered, and her pause of distress was evident to the men behind her. How they responded to her mute appeal she could not tell, but the look of insolent admiration passed from Bahram Khan's eyes, into which she was still gazing spell-bound, and was, as it were, veiled under his former expression of contemptuous indifference for his surroundings. A few words from the Commissioner, and the Nalapur Prince retired, leaving behind him a general sense of constraint. If it had been arranged that anything else was to be done at this point, no one remembered it. People stood about in little groups, and talked, awkwardly enough. Something had happened, or rather, there had been an electrical instant, and something might have happened, but it was not quite easy to see what it was. The crudest conception of the history of the moment was voiced by Mrs. Hardy, who had torn herself from her school-work to be present at the prize-giving, and now seized upon Georgia.

"Oh, dear Mrs. North, how unspeakably painful all this must be to you and your husband! You must feel the charge of Miss North a dreadful responsibility! I would never have said a word while she flirted merely with our own officers, or even with Mr. Burgrave—though really the lengths to which she goes—! But to set herself deliberately to dazzle a native—"

"Mrs. Hardy," cried Georgia, flushing angrily, "please remember that you are speaking of my sister. I can assure

you that Mabel has never dreamt of such a thing. She may be thoughtless, but that is all."

"It is very sweet and good of you to say it, but I am afraid your eyes will soon be disagreeably opened. No rational being could doubt that Miss North is setting her cap at the Commissioner, and that would scarcely be a match you could welcome, would it? Look at her dress—so absurdly unsuitable at her age. Oh, I know how old she is, Mrs. North, and I will say that eight years between you don't warrant your dressing as if you were mother and daughter. But I grant that Miss North is one of the people who always look younger than they are, while you invariably look older."

The expression of Mrs. Hardy's sympathy rarely corresponded with the goodwill which prompted it, but Georgia received the stab in heroic silence, and cast about for a means of changing the subject.

"I suppose we might as well go home now," she said at last in despair, rising as she spoke. "Where is my husband, I wonder?"

"Over there, talking to the Commissioner and Bahram Khan," responded Mrs. Hardy. "Dear me! something must have happened. There is a messenger who seems to have brought some news. How grave they all look! What can it be?"

Watching eagerly, they saw Bahram Khan take his leave of Mr. Burgrave and Dick, and rejoin his friends. As the two gentlemen returned to the rest of the company, the Commissioner said, slightly raising his tones in a way that attracted general attention, "Well, except as regards the poor fellow himself, I can't pretend to be sorry. The way is now clear for important developments."

Dick's reply was inaudible, but the Commissioner rejoined sharply, "Of

course, you put this down to Bahram Khan's account?"

"I make no accusations," said Dick, unmoved. "You can't perceive more clearly than I do that it is impossible to connect him with it."

"You deal in ambiguities, I see." Mr. Burgrave's temper was evidently ruffled.

"There was no ambiguity in my mind," was the reply, as Dick beckoned to a servant to call up his dogcart. "Are you coming with me, Georgie, or shall I take Mabel?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Anstruther will drive her home," said Georgie, aghast at the thought of an encounter between Dick in his present mood and Mabel at her prickliest. "Dick," as the Commissioner turned to speak to Mrs. Hardy, "what has happened?"

"Hush! speak lower. Bahadar Shah is dead."

"What! poisoned?"

"No, shot. He was out hunting, and one of his most trusted servants was carrying a spare gun for him loaded. As he handed it to his master, it went off, and Bahadar Shah was shot through the heart."

"And what happened to the servant?"

"The rest fell upon him and clubbed him to death immediately."

"But of course it was Bahram Khan's doing?"

"Sh! He has established a satisfactory alibi, at any rate." Dick helped Georgia into the cart and took the reins, and they were well on the road home before they spoke again. "It's the killing of the servant that makes me most suspicious. It would be just like Bahram Khan to bribe him to kill his master on the understanding that he should be allowed to escape, and then to make matters safe by bribing the rest to put him out of the way."

"But surely that would only involve admitting more men into the secret?"

"What secret? Bahram Khan is anxious about his cousin's safety, and charges the servants to show no mercy to any one who attacks him. The utmost you could prove against him would be a suspicion that an attempt on his life might be made—not even a guilty knowledge, far less instigation."

"How did he receive the news?"

"In the most orthodox way, deep but restrained grief. He must go to Nalapur to be present at the funeral and comfort his bereaved uncle, he told Burgrave, just as if his uncle would not sooner see a man-eater come to comfort him. How Burgrave received the news, you heard."

"Yes. His manner was indecently callous, I thought."

"Oh, no. His saying what he did was one of his calculated indiscretions, like unveiling his policy to Timson coming up. No papers here, you see, so he must make his revelations in person. Ugh! the man turns me sick. Did you notice his bit of by-play with Mab?"

"She didn't realize what you meant, Dick. Things here are so new to her, you know."

"Oh why should a man be doomed to have a fool for a sister? If I had said to you what I did to her you would have understood."

"Perhaps Mab hasn't studied you as closely as I have."

"No, the Commissioner is her object of study at present. Nice cheerful prospect, isn't it—to have that chap for a brother-in-law?"

"Ye-es," said Georgie hesitatingly, "but I'm not quite sure it will be that, Dick. I think there's some one else."

"And the Commissioner is only peace-making for him? No, no, Georgie; that's a little too thick. Of course I know there are dozens of others, but who is there that has a chance against Burgrave?"

"If I tell you, you'll only laugh. It

is a very little thing, but it serves as a straw. You didn't notice, when Bahram Khan had had his prize, how Mab was left sitting alone for a minute. I knew just how she felt, ashamed and miserable and *wounded*, and I wanted to go to her, but Mrs. Hardy had got hold of me, and I didn't think she would improve matters. The Commissioner didn't see—he never does see what other people are feeling, unless he happens to be feeling the same himself—but Fitz Anstruther did. He was by her side in a moment, saying just the kind of things that would lead her to forget her mortification. If he had

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seemed to intend to help her, she would have been angry, but it looked quite accidental, as if it was simply that he took pleasure in her society, and jumped at the chance of enjoying it when he found her alone for a moment. She will be grateful to him ever after, and that may be the beginning of even better things."

"Oh, you match-makers! The idea of coupling Mab and Anstruther, of all people! And you back him against the Commissioner?"

"I do; unless Mab is deliberately playing for a high official future."

*(To be continued.)*

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## FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES ON FRESH WATER.

The first time I saw Lake Superior it had no sky-line; the month was January; the thermometer was away down below zero; the double windows of the railway car were frosted over, and it was impossible to distinguish where the ice-field faded into gray mist.

The second time it had no sky-line either, although the month was August, and I was standing on the deck of a steamer. The water is cold all the year round; in the middle of the lake the temperature is always about 38° Fahr., summer and winter; and evaporation sets in easily, so that fogs are by no means rare on hot days. But I was decidedly annoyed, for I had come to see things, and there was nothing to look at except a thick wall of white haze, and a female lunatic photographing it. That woman actually had a camera set up on a tall tripod on the hurricane-deck, and was focussing it on space. A little later the shores became dimly visible, while a jagged tear of lightning ripped down,

red and angry, as if trying to dissipate the heavy blue clouds overhead.

The long, narrow, upper deck of the Canadian Pacific steamship is higher at the bow than at the stern, and looks exactly like the sole of an old shoe turned up at the toe. We neared Port Arthur at half-speed with the moaning grunt of the fog-horn going at frequent intervals. The great siren at the pier-head uttered an answering howl, which echoed away drearily down the black cliffs; and then the sun came out, and sparkled on tiny yachts, and a clumsy-looking sailing-boat manned by Indians, and towing a birch-bark canoe astern.

The passengers on this trip were a queer-looking lot; they appeared to be composed principally of maiden aunts of uncertain age—tall, gaunt women, dressed in black, with weather-beaten faces and big, useful hands. A few had men travelling with them, who were obviously too young to be their husbands, and too old to be sons. Wherefore we—an American fellow-pas-



senger and myself—concluded that they must be nephews, and that they had expectations.

There was a big, rough-headed man with a beard like a bushranger, and a gray frieze pea-jacket, who was returning from the Yukon and seemed disposed to be friendly. He began telling us about Dawson City, and I mentioned the name of the only man I could think of, at the moment, who was out in El Dorado. The bushranger looked up at me suspiciously, "Yes, sir, I do know that man, and I know twenty men personally who have bound themselves by a solemn oath to shoot him the first time they can draw a bead on him." I made up my mind to disclaim acquaintance with Government officials in mining districts till I discovered that my new acquaintance was a travelling preacher with an inclination to advertise the fact; also that he was lacking in a sense of humor. For, on his remarking that there was a large number of elderly ladies on board, a young American doctor explained to him, at length, that once a year the Canadian Pacific steamers carried a cargo of superfluous spinsters from the Northwest Territories and British Columbia to Owen Sound, where they were quietly disposed of, by euthanasia, in a lethal chamber kept for that purpose by the Government—and the preacher looked at us suspiciously and then rebuked us for irreverence. After which we got into the open sea, and he took to studying the gulls with a pair of dilapidated ivory opera-glasses. It is a queer sensation to be speeding through the blue water, out of sight of land; to watch the sea-birds hovering overhead, and to remember that the spray is *not* salt, and that you are a thousand miles from the Atlantic seaboard. That evening I hung over the rail gazing at the three great lines of color that forked out from our stern;

one, of beaten gold, to the setting sun; one, of dark purple, the shadow of our black-blown smoke; and one, the white foam-beat of the screw. Soon the man at the look-out donned a heavy fur overcoat, which he told me he wore nearly every night on these cold seas, and I went below to the dazzle and glitter of the saloon. Last year this very ship made a trip as late as December 7, but she arrived in port with a heavy list to starboard, owing to the weight of ice on her weather side.

There was a concert on below, and some of the aunts developed an unsuspected talent for singing, while others sat stiffly around with pocket-handkerchiefs like napkins folded in neat pyramids on their laps. The songs were nearly all Scotch, and no one ever seemed to be at a loss for the words.

Next day the sun was shining brightly as we steamed into the St. Mary river. Here are the great locks (900 feet by 60 feet) of the Sault St. Marie Canal, which drop you gently down 18 feet to the level of Lake Huron below. Through these canals during the season of navigation, about 230 days, there passes an aggregate tonnage of some thirty millions, being about double that of the Suez Canal during the entire year. On your port side the river rages down her rocky bed, making her drop of 18 feet in about three-quarters of a mile, and from the deck of the ship you can see the Indian boatmen dancing down in frail canoes, dodging rocks with a skilful paddle-stroke, and emerging at last from certain death as calm and unruffled as if this were a daily experience, as it is, for them. On the starboard side are American flags.

There are a few other things, too, such as warehouses, grain-elevators, hotels and an army-post; but the Stars and Stripes catch your attention first. They fly everywhere, and over every building bigger than a bathing-ma-

chine. On the Canadian side the flag of Britain was conspicuous by its absence, and the American passengers made unkind remarks; but I remembered the story of Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna, and was comforted. The Canadians are patriotic; they have proved it, but they don't advertise. An hour afterwards one of the American girls looked at me with solemn eyes and said, "This is Lake Huron you're on." Then, seeing the reproach on my face, she apologized hurriedly, "The captain got it off on me, and I *had* to get even with somebody; you go and try it on the missionary." Which I did, and he thanked me gravely, adding that he was already aware of the fact. Then we steamed through the wooded islands and under the green headlands of Georgian Bay to Owen Sound, where we landed to take the short cut to Toronto by rail.

We emerged out of a wilderness of railway ties, boulders and burnt stumps, into a fertile land of apple-orchards, verdurous hills and zigzag snake fences. Then we pulled up suddenly at a small station which we were not "billed" to stop at, and the American doctor and I got out to ascertain the reason. A country cart smashed all to pieces, and a couple of prostrate figures with blood-stained handkerchiefs over their faces, and frightened-looking men holding umbrellas to shield them from the sun, told us what had happened. It was not nice to look at, and some of the children near began to cry; while a neighboring inn-keeper remarked grimly, "I told them they'd get caught some day at that crossing."

We arrived at Toronto at midday, and I was greeted by a friendly face and promptly carried off to lunch with no further trouble than that of handing three or four checks to a baggage-man who ensured the safe arrival of all my things at the hotel.

Next day we took ship to Niagara. The ship we took, by the way, was an old blockade-runner during the Civil War, and had been subsequently cut in two, and carried in sections through locks and canals, to run between Queenston and Toronto. The mist hung heavy on Lake Ontario for a few miles after we left the bay, and then the sun shone out and turned the strips of sandy beach to silver. Here and there were schooners carrying lumber, and yachts, and big lake steamboats, and then nothing but open water.

The mouth of Niagara river, the water, the trees, the banks, all are green, with every shade of greenness from laurel to pale malachite. To eyes that are tired of gazing at the glare of the sun on the great inland seas, the rest is like a fresh spring to a thirsty traveller in a dry land.

At Lewiston we landed on the American side and took the electric car up the gorge. There is only one recurring thought which spoils the approach to Niagara; you are consumed with envy of the first white man who ever saw it. Think of his luck—no touting guides! no hotels! and no patent medicine advertisements! Still you can forget guide-books and tourists and car conductors, ay, even "Hutch for Dyspepsia," when you see that frantic rush of hurrying water, racing and recoiling, falling and stumbling, leaping high over black, shiny boulders, and flung back from jagged fangs of rock, boiling and bubbling in mad maelstroms in mid-stream, and eddying and churning in cramped whirlpools under the bank, but never pausing in its wild rush through the dark implacable ravine to the still green expanse below. Then you leave the water's edge a little and enter the town of Niagara Falls, passing a mean, uninviting back street, whose houses are all built with their backs to one of the loveliest views on earth, and their front windows facing

on dirty, wooden sidewalks, straggling cocks and hens, and the squalid row of hovels opposite them. Farther on the town improves, and the main street is wide and well-kept, with numberless hotels and restaurants, and stores for the sale of Indian curios, falsely so called, of "souvenirs," and of photographs of the Falls taken from all points of the compass and at all seasons of the year. From end to end you are beset by touts, would-be guides and would-be Jehus, and by excited "barkers," who assure you that you are "just in time for the finest 25-cent meal on this continent," till at last you emerge into a kind of park of trees and grass.

I suppose Niagara is the most photographed professional beauty in existence, and the highest compliment one can pay her is to say that it hasn't spoilt her in the least. She is ageless, you see, and no photograph can show you the sunlight in the water. We walked through tall avenues of trees on Goat Island till we came to the Three Sisters, and saw, outspread before us, a great wilderness of dark water, broken here and there into gurgles and spurts of foam, but moving resistlessly on till it suddenly vanishes into space—a vast, liquid table-land, with precipitous sides. There was a negro woman sitting alone on a rock close to the edge. She was dressed in gorgeous colors, with a hat like a stuffed parrot, and I cursed her mentally for being out of harmony with her surroundings—till I saw her face. She was quite still, and there was a look in her eyes that made me think suddenly that perhaps the great god Pan had revealed to her secrets which are not told unto white men at the end of the nineteenth century, so I apologized, still mentally.

Nobody will ever describe Niagara, and nobody will ever carry away more than a brief impression or two; for she does not allow you to think, she keeps

you too busy feeling. Just on the edge of the brink is a chord of translucent, unripe-emerald green, and then you get an idea of what a river looks like when its bed is suddenly cut asunder. There is a curtain of water, flecked and fringed, hanging in strands and wisps and ropes of foam. Wherever you look downwards there is a lustrous rainbow beneath you, and a forest of spray; out beyond that is a Titanic basin of soap-suds. I am quite aware of the bathos of the last simile, but it is true. The river seems half stunned, and is so still that the insolent little Maid of the Mist circles round and round on the surface, carrying her crew of black-hooded phantoms within a few feet of the cataract itself. The parks that fringe the banks are gay with semi-tropical plants and winding footpaths, and you drive through green glades, with peeps here and there of the whirlpool and rapids, till you arrive at Queenston Heights and the monument to Sir Isaac Brock. Here, if you are wise, you remain at the foot and look at the view; if you are not, you pay a shilling and climb some hundreds of steps to see the same view through a port-hole; and then back to the wharf to thread your way through boxes and boxes of grapes and peaches on to the steamer.

Two or three days on Lake Simcoe, at a point where less than a generation ago there was a cedar-swamp, and at night one heard the howl of the wolf and the scream of the wild-cat, till an eccentric American millionaire spent 100,000 dollars or so, converting it into a park that is strangely reminiscent of England—where we met an old inhabitant who had watched Sir Walter Scott marshalling the Highlanders for the reception of George IV in Edinburgh; and then we embarked on another steamer, a sort of floating hotel, with 150 staterooms, and a dining-room on the upper deck, where you can sit

and gaze your fill out of the window during meals. As I drove to the wharf I witnessed the wild and enthusiastic reception of a dozen or so of the fattest khaki-clad warriors I have ever seen, just returned from South Africa, covered with glory and bursting the buttons off their tunics with good living. There were more American tourists on board, some of them not of the best class either; a tall, statuesque girl, who stood in a doorway like a Caryatis in a white yachting cap, and "chewed gum" rhythmically; several men whose manners compared very unfavorably with those of certain Red Indians whom I have met; and a few globe-trotters. At night we glided past campfires and luminous tents, log-houses and glimmering bungalows, till about eleven o'clock we neared Charlotte (Americanicé "Shalott") and Ontario Beach. The water glittered under festoons of vari-colored lamps; in the distance we saw crowds of brightly-dressed people under the sheen of the electric light; and, far away, the strains of the band sounded like fairy music in the glamor of the night. As we approached the wharf a gun fired a salute from an illuminated café, and the siren replied with three long shuddering hoots. Seated very close together at the pier were a couple of lovers, silhouetted clearly against the streaming gold of the moon-glade, and the male passengers on deck entreated them fervently to "break away there." One would hardly imagine that a summer hotel could look like a dream from the "Arabian Nights," but it can—when you see it at night from the deck of a ship. The sailors cast loose from the moorings to a monotonous chantey that sounded like "Have a cigar," "Time for a drink," "Have another," "Come into the house," and we were off again.

And the next morning, very early, we came to the Thousand Islands. Here and there in the distance we

caught a glimpse of a church spire, sparkling like a bayonet among the trees, and then we sailed into a jewelled archipelago—each island a dream of flowers; some of them acres in extent, some of them mere dots, but dots of emerald and onyx and lapis-lazuli; with a dazzling splendor of sunlit water between shaven lawns; with miniature log-houses and pocket bungalows, and toy lighthouses; with blue water and big steamers, and white-sailed boats, and little yellow launches set in shields of dappled silver; with baby breakers frothing up the tiny beaches of rocky islets; and somewhere behind it all, but quite near, the

"Magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn."

Here everything appears to be so ridiculously in its right place, that it is hard to believe that the squat white pillars, often less than the height of a man, really need to be lit up at night—they are merely planted, each on its particular headland, for effect; the patches of greensward a few inches above the water with just room for a doll's house of a cottage, and a brilliant little flower-bed; the diminutive churches peeping out of tufts of trees—they are all unreal. Oberon once built a floating city for Titania, and you have caught a glimpse of it through the wrong end of the telescope.

But an American tourist sat through it all, and read a dissertation on Sabbath observance aloud to another; and a third, a girl, turned to her mother and said enthusiastically, "They [the islands] are vurry close together and vurry attractively situated." Then skirting the smooth, round, red boulders of Brockville, where flying canoes raced past us under more sail than they could well carry; through channels staked out with posts of black and red and white; and we ran into a

crackled network of flat whirlpools at the edge of the first rapids. After that we had miles of them. You see ahead of you a tumbling wash of foam and vivid sun-smitten green, with red shadows of submerged rocks and shoals, and then steam is shut off. There are four men at the wheel in the pilot-house, and the captain has a cigar in his mouth to reassure the passengers. Every now and then he stoops forward and pulls a mysterious-looking plug on the bridge, while the ship's nose is directed straight at the point of the island till the fierce rush of the water sweeps her off, and the chains creak and rattle. The men strain and tug at the spokes, and one of them, the pilot, has a look in his eyes such as I once saw on the face of Tom Cannon when he was coming through his horses at Ascot some twenty years ago or so. Then we slither straight down-hill, while the big gray gulls circle overhead, and relentless red boulders gleam fitfully just under the surface. And the pilot wipes his face and the captain takes another pull at his cigar.

Towards evening we reduced speed under the great Victoria Jubilee Bridge and moored under the gray limestone terraces of Montreal, alongside huge red ocean leviathans and big Atlantic liners.

When we sailed again a couple of evenings later we noticed a marked change in the character and appearance of the passengers. Americans, of course, at this time of the year, we still carried, and they still chewed gum. But there were dark-eyed French Canadians, and priests in strange garments with broad-brimmed hats, dignitaries whose hands were respectfully kissed by the captain himself, and small children with white stockings and white shoes, fastened by one white button over the instep. And they all broke up into groups, and sang doleful ditties according to their various na-

tionalities, while the darkness grew apace, and the river widened till we could barely see the lights and dim groups of ghostly tents on the shore. In the saloon and on the forward deck the glare of the electric light was dazzling, and one longed suddenly for the far-away Northern Lakes, and an Indian paddling noiselessly in a canoe, and the cry of the whip-poor-will. I tried to "size up" the passengers, and fixed on one girl at once as a type of the rustic Canadienne, with her dark hair and eyes, and just a touch of French distinction about her dress; and while I watched her she drew another chair in front of her, and put her feet on it and leant back and lit a cigarette. A moment later, and a tall, austere lady with a blue veil wound round her hat and blue spectacles, appeared from the main saloon, and she, too, had a cigarette—no it was a wooden toothpick—in the corner of her mouth. I slipped quietly off round the deck-house and found a guilty-looking old gentleman surreptitiously sucking a large flask. Then the passengers began to turn in and the moon hung low in the heavens, glowing like a slice of some strange, radiant, tropical fruit, and staining the water beneath to pomegranate. The landing-stage at Sorel looked like a scene from an opera in its vivid contrast of light and shadow, while the very steam-tugs seemed glorified in the night haze. Only an inebriated Frenchman was singing riotous songs below, keeping time with a stick on the ship's side, and a nice old lady was trying to guess what language he was talking, and concluded it must be Chinese.

Next morning early we were under the ramparts of Quebec. Somebody told me once that the only things in life that did not disappoint you were Venice and ortolans. But he had never seen Quebec in a summer dawn. When you know the city a little better,



however, she strikes you as being a trifle self-conscious, like a woman who considers that her whole mission in life is to look beautiful. You may ask at the public library for a volume of Herbert Spencer, and they have "never heard of that writer." When you are not climbing up perpendicular streets you are tumbling over old guns and painted cannon-balls. I have never been in a decent-sized city on this side of the Atlantic that has not boasted at some time, of "the finest hotel on this continent." Quebec has one of them, and the view from its terrace is very hard to beat. But a sympathetic American remarked to me that "we can't live on scenery," and one has a vague, undefined feeling that Quebec wants waking up, though she is very lovely in her sleep. We sailed down the river on a yacht to the Ile d'Orleans and landed at a little French village, where we rocked lazily in painted swings, while monsieur, madame *et bébé* played croquet with battered balls on a ground the size of a billiard-table, and the landlady of the little *auberge* cooked us French omelettes, and we drifted home past the Montmorency Falls, lit up with a Jacob's ladder of electric lamps, and found that the water supply in the city had broken down, and that there was very nearly a riot among the Americans at the hotel. A pretty girl at the next table was fanning herself desperately with a menu card, and imploring the waiter, "for goodness' sake, get me *anything* wet!" Close to me were a couple who called the waiter "sir," and explained to one another that "pottage" and "mush" were synonymous terms. In the evening a thunder storm went crashing and rolling and echoing down the bay, and we hung over the terrace railings looking over the backs of grimy little tenement houses with high-pitched roofs, and clothes hanging out to dry, some hundred feet or so be-

neath us. You can still see the *débris* of the great landslide of '89 when fifty-two people were killed; and the man who was smoking alongside me worked from 7 P.M. one day till midnight of the next helping to dig them out.

I took the electric car to Ste. Anne de Beaupré—the Lourdes of Canada—and I travelled for twenty-two miles with the ever-widening St. Lawrence on one side, and on the other a panorama of pale gray churches and galleried cottages and French peasants in little red-wheeled carts drawn by big half-bred mastiffs. There was a newly-married couple who took their seats under a shower of congratulations and rice; and a family party of husband, wife and grown-up daughter, who had a Japanese student in tow, to whom they explained things in baby English. The mother collected some of the rice from the floor of the car and presented it to him as an interesting reminiscence of the customs of the country, and the Jap rejected it with cold disdain. Apparently he thought he was expected to eat it.

The church of good St. Anne comes to you with something of a shock; a shrine ought to be old and weather-beaten, and this is as insolently new and clean as the deck of a line-of-battleship. The platform of a railway bounds one side of a square, enclosed by railings of white and gold; on the north and west are hotels, all French, all new, all depending on pilgrims for their patronage; on the east side is the church itself, built of stone of a delicate silver gray, checkered with white; over the main entrance is a great gilt statue of the saint. On each side of the doors within is a huge pyramid reaching up to the roof, composed of crutches, boots, rosaries, trusses, plaster-of-Paris casts—all the mysterious things you see in the windows of shops where they sell surgical appliances. I even saw a wooden leg! Close to the

altar was a lovely column on a pedestal of exquisite marble, surmounted by a tawdry painted statue with a gold sun-burst round its head. Here also was a smaller pile of crutches and other artificial aids for suffering humanity, and scattered about were candles and candle-ends and lamps of all sizes. There were votive tablets carved in white marble on the walls. One of them read, "Good St. Anne, pray for Mr. and Mrs. Owen Tansey." Fancy presenting a card engraved, "Mr. and Mrs." for admission to the courts of heaven! American sense of humor is a queer thing. In the side-chapels were glass cases holding waxen, bloody hands pierced through with nails; and in a porchway there were spectacles and pipes, and tobacco-boxes fastened to the wall. In an annex to the church, rosaries, candles and relics were exposed for sale. The old shrine is across the road on the side of a hill, and alongside it was a Via Crucis, with a crucifix at the summit, and the different stations marked by wooden crosses in zigzag ascent. On the wall of a hotel facing the church was painted a huge anchor, with an inscription in French on one side and in English on the other, setting forth that there was hope for weak men and women in—somebody's patent medicine! I suppose the irony was unconscious. There were no sick pilgrims that day—it seemed hard to believe that people could be ill in that sparkling weather; but there was no doubt of the devotion of some of the kneeling figures in the pews near the great altar. Outside, a blinding sunlight and the salt breezes from the sea; and within, a mist of doubt and perplexity—a twilight of "cold Christs and tangled Trinities." While we waited for the car a fussy matron and her daughter were posing a poor old peasant woman for her photograph. She was quite ignorant of a word they said, but submitted auto-

matically to be put in any position they pleased, so they stood her up against the door of the waiting-room, with a huge ebony and silver crucifix in her arms, and the daughter "kodaked" her. "I've given her the ten cents, but try it again, Dora—tell her you didn't get the first one good." "All right, stand aside, momma," said the unscrupulous Dora, and proceeded to defraud that lovely old figure out of another sitting. It was a day of contrasts—some of them were funny, and some were not; the Jap at the altar steps, with a thin smile on his yellow face, was *not*.

There was a clerk at the hotel with badly trimmed whiskers and a somewhat exaggerated idea of his own importance. One of the American tourists asked him a civil question, and very nearly got his head snapped off in answer. Then the tourist looked the official up and down and drawled out, "Say, it's a pity you don't learn to bark a little; you'd make a lovely *Saint Bernard dog*," and my heart went out to my American friend. In the evening I picked up a newspaper called the *White Mountain Echo*, dated, September 1, 1900, and I read the following paragraph (copied verbatim):—

#### *Student Employees.*

An apt illustration of the White Mountain Hotels in giving healthful and remunerative summer employment to New England boys who are working their way through school and college is found in the management of the Mount Pleasant House. As it has become a settled custom among the *habitués* of all first-class hotels to reward liberally those who give them faithful attention, it is a satisfaction to them to feel that, as in the help they give these boys, their generosity is to some purpose. The following is a list of the students employed in the above hotel.

Then follows a catalogue of "bell-boys," "elevator-boys," and "waiters,"

each with the name of his school or college attached, including, among others, Yale, Harvard, Boston and West Point—the last the Sandhurst of the U.S.A. How far the practice of looking for tips is likely to benefit future judges and commanders-in-chief I do not know, but I am sure that their experience will be of incalculable benefit to them subsequently as guests in “the finest hotels on the continent.”

We started on a hot sunny morning for our final run to the Saguenay.

Less than half a century ago there were 1,400 or 1,500 great sailing-ships in Quebec harbor—to-day there are only three or four; but there is a small fleet of yachts towing their dingies astern. The green shores are dotted with white, red-roofed houses against the background of purple Laurentians, the oldest mountain-range in the world. Here and there, on the margin of the river, is a narrow strip of sandy beach, with the usual group of cottages cuddled under the inevitable gray church. “This is a great country for growing churches,” said my new American friend. There were miles and miles of pine and spruce at which he looked covetously—“My! isn’t that immense? We’ll soon eat a few holes in that when we get our pulp-works started,” and he told me interesting facts about the texture and manufacture of paper. But at Baie St. Paul the pines grew pluckily out of sheer rock; even with strong field-glasses you cannot distinguish a teaspoonful of earth round the roots, and I was not altogether grateful to the man who first found out that they would make pulp, and that pulp would make paper. There were tall, sharp-peaked crags, rising straight out of the water, over which some French girls (from Old France) went into ecstasies. They had Los Angeles labels on their luggage, and they cried aloud, “Mais, madame! regardez donc, voilà Catalina

Ailand, mais plus coquet, plus boisé!”

And I thanked them in my heart because they were talking French which I could understand, for the Quebec patois was beyond me, as it was beyond these girls, too, I am glad to say. From the great mountain-wall behind Les Eboulements came strange gusts of hot and cold air as we were nearing the sea; and a few miles farther at Murray Bay, the water is as salt as the Atlantic. Here there was a huge barrack of a hotel, covering an acre or so of ground, and a long double line of calashes and country carts with rusted harness awaiting passengers from the steamer. There were houses built on piles, propped up on shelving rock; and in the distance the forest fires rolled up great columns of gray and blue smoke from lurid pedestals of glowing red. The destruction by forest fires in the course of a year is a serious item, and regulations have been carefully drawn up by the fire-rangers requesting that, between April 1 and October 31, if a fire is made in the forest,

or at a distance of less than half a mile therefrom, or upon any island, for cooking or obtaining warmth, the maker should—

1st. Select a locality in the neighborhood in which there is the smallest quantity of vegetable matter, dead-wood branches, brushwood, dry leaves, or resinous trees.

2nd. Clear the place in which he is about to light the fire by removing all vegetable matter, dead trees, branches, brushwood, and dry leaves from the soil within a radius of ten feet from the fire.

3rd. Observe every reasonable care and precaution to prevent such fire from spreading, and carefully extinguish the same before quitting the place.

Great care should be exercised to see that burning matches, ashes of pipes, and lighted cigars, or burning gunwadding, or any other burning substance, should be completely extin-

guished before the sportsman leaves the spot.

Too much care cannot be exercised in these important matters.

After sunset the sea-breeze drove every one else below, but I waited, watching the gaunt rocky islands slide past till the lone lighthouse twinkled like a star on the last of them. The big saloon was crowded, every sofa and chair occupied, and the usual group gathered round the book-stall turning over paper-covered novels and pricing Indian pipes and moccasins, and fire-bags, manufactured in Chicago. Even the galleries round the upper deck were thronged, for the season was at its height. Railway travelling in America is more comfortable than it used to be in England, though things are improving there; but for comfort give me the better class of lake and river steamers, with their bath-rooms and bars and smoking-rooms, and barber shops—and above all, their fresh air, for you are in the open all day, and your appetite you have always with you. It is little more than sixty years since the first steamer from the Lower Lakes arrived in Chicago. In those days, when the primitive engines were unable to make headway against the current, recourse was had to oxen who were hitched on, and created what was facetiously known as a "horned breeze." When the Illinois of 100 tons arrived at Chicago on the 12th of July, 1839, all the male inhabitants of the village, including the boys, numbering nearly a hundred, assisted in dragging the craft across the bar. Since then the old type of sailing-vessel has practically disappeared, and even the iron steamers have been replaced by steel ships with triple expansion engines and a carrying capacity of 7,000 tons or more.

Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, was the first settlement made by the French on the St. Lawrence, at one

time a centre of the fur trade, and now a small summer resort under the shadow of a great hotel. It was dark when we reached it, but they let off rockets and Roman candles from the grounds in honor of our approach—a pretty custom, by the way, as it makes a night-journey down the river at this time of year a sort of perpetual water carnival—and then we sailed through the dark iron gates of the Saguenay. "It is not properly," says an American writer, "a river at all. It is a tremendous chasm like that of the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness." There was only one other man on the forward deck besides myself. On either side were great black ghostly crags, rising bare and sheer, out of black ghostly water. The churning pulse of the screw was barely audible—you had to strain your ears to catch it. Here and there at the base of the sombre cliffs one caught pale smears of faint light that looked like haunted houses—homes of lost spectres who never sleep, but wall thinly up and down vacant rooms. Ahead of us were patches of wan water shining with a phosphorescent shimmer that was more awful than darkness itself. A dead, infernal stillness, broken for one single second by the screech of a night bird that echoed away like the wall of a tortured soul. "My God!" muttered my companion to himself, "this is the loneliest place on earth."

And next morning the sun was streaming down a ribbon of water that looked like tarnished metal. The shores were still rocky, but green, and at the head of a bay on our port bow was a nestling village, with red buildings and a church spire thrust up like a dazzling shaft of silver. There were more of the absurd little squat lighthouses stuck among the pines, and there was another tiny landing-stage,

the terminus of our journey—some 1,500 miles across half a continent—all but the 120 miles between Owen Sound and Toronto having been made by water.

We all landed and wandered up the straggling streets to the Chicoutimi Falls, and then back to the hotel to breakfast. "Wonder what people do here when they're not fishing," said one of my companions, and the second looked thoughtful and answered merely, "Three guesses for a dime," while the third shrugged his shoulders and said, "Search me;" from which cryptic remarks I gathered that they were at a loss for a reply. The very business offices on the streets were like Swiss chalets embowered in trees. The driver of our calash told us entrancing tales of moose and caribou, and ouananiche-fishing, which we did not believe in the least, but to which we listened gratefully. We breakfasted at the great wooded summer hotel, and then re-embarked to return by daylight. Things looked different then. The cliffs were still sheer and frowning and the ragged dead pine-trees on their summits were still desolate. But the blessed sun made the water look like smoked glass instead of ink; there were more people on deck and the glamor had gone. We came to the great Tableau rock, on which some miscreant had plastered an advertisement of his furs, and the passengers were more interested in spelling this out than in the rock itself. There were torn waterfalls hanging here and there among the thick trees and baby Niagaras at the foot of precipices 1,200 and 1,500 feet high, which the American girls said, were "too 'cute for anything." It was only when we came to the base of the great capes, Trinity and Eternity, that they began to show any veneration at all. The latter is a sheer rock, rising a couple of thousand feet from the black water, that is another thousand

feet in depth below it. Here and there the stunted pines seem to cling to its rugged sides, and half-way up is a white madonna, 36 feet high, erected by the priests. And a lady near me quarrelled with her husband for saying that it was a waterfall, and asserted that through her glasses she could distinguish it to be a statue of Venus. We crawled round about the foot like a grotesque water-beetle, and tooted our fog-horn to wake the echoes, and flung pebbles at the everlasting hills, and incidentally shattered another guide-book illusion—for that authority states that "the immense height of these perpendicular cliffs renders distance deceptive. The steamboat appears to be sailing dangerously close to the precipice that looks to be but a few feet distant from the decks. You pick up a pebble from a bucket standing on the deck, and think it an easy matter to throw it against the rock. To your surprise it falls far, very far, short of your aim." Truth compels me to state that we hit that rock and rattled back off its awful sides into the water every time without a miss. On the return journey we landed at Tadou-sac to see the first Christian chapel ever built in Canada—a wee church at the head of a bay, with long dunes on one side, and a bare peninsula on the other, sparsely covered with houses that are literally "founded on the rock." In the haze between was a vision of yachts and steamers, and little fishing smacks. The chapel itself is a rude building, like many on the French coast to-day, with a blue ceiling, altars, paintings, models of boats; a couple of oil pictures, one a guardian angel, attributed to Boucher, and another unnamed, of Cardinal St. Charles Borromeo. In a glass case were wooden candlesticks, carved by the early Jesuit fathers, and bits of the coffin and skull of R. T. J. B. de la Brosse, "last missionary, buried in 1785."



There was a quaint little cemetery with many wooden crosses and a pretty, refined-looking girl at the door of the church, who collected ten cents apiece from us as if she hardly liked her work. Then we took a short cut through a little rocky gorge back to the steamer, and started just as the hills began to turn purple and violet and the sun was throwing golden shadows on the water. We touched at night at wharfs that were a dazzle of light, with curious faces scanning us from above; we landed and climbed up tortuous, narrow village streets in the moonlight, catching glimpses through cottage windows of lamp-lit interiors, with portraits of saints and pictures cut from French newspapers pasted on the walls; and we looked down at the waters of the bay, gleaming far below through corridors of whispering trees.

The next evening we left Quebec, returning up the river between green banks, with here and there a country house peeping up or down the stream through the woods, and the sun setting behind darkling coves and inlets with blue hills in the background.

From Montreal we went west by train, starting through a wilderness of apple-orchards, and then skirting the southern bank of the Ottawa. The wide stretch of water was freckled with foam, and inside the booms the logs were piled up as if giants had been playing spillikins and got tired of their game. There were little white steamers moored to islands and tugging furiously at their moorings, while they barked out short puffs of steam, and reminded you of fox-terriers straining at a leash. "Poor little things!" said a motherly old dame on the car; "they don't look strong enough to pull a sitting hen off her nest." But the islands were rafts of logs acres in extent, and by taking a line from the bank you could see that they were moving very slowly. Then we came to a land of

bleak desolation, with bald, naked boulders cropping out everywhere, with forests of spruce and willow scrub, and black stagnant back-waters. At one spot, where the train ran through a cutting, were three dead pines lying side by side, head down, on the slope, as if they had crawled towards the railway track to commit suicide, and been overtaken by a merciful death just before reaching it. The spruce-forests looked like battlefields. The ground was littered with corpses of trees—some white and livid, some seared by fire. Others had pitched forward and were caught by the branches of their still living comrades, exactly like wounded men being supported from the front; while, to make the resemblance still more ghastly, there were wisps of dead growth wind-caught at their tops, as though the hair were hanging over the face and eyes of a man staggering to his death. There were savage tarns of inky water; and, drifting through the blinding rain, on a stream misnamed the White River was a forlorn canoe, the only sign of human life visible.

When we reached Jackfish Bay on Lake Superior the scene changed. There was a gale blowing outside: the steely blue waters of the great inland sea were mottled over with white breakers; and half-a-dozen steamers were lying weather-bound in a landlocked bay. The train crawls like a toy at the base of sheer cliffs, in and out of dark tunnels, with peeps of sandy stretches along the shore, and shiny "tumps" of rock shouldering up like whales' backs from the surf beyond. In the mid-distance were wooded islets with gullies gashed through them, bordered with trees, up which the angry waves foamed high, splashing the branches with flying shreds and tatters of foam and spin-drift. The sea was washing the discolored sand up to the very base of

the telegraph-poles, and the clouds were racing across a wild-looking sky overhead: it was the first rough day of the whole journey, and we were seated comfortably in the train with the negro porter handing round tissue bulletins of the day's news.

The route we had taken was the main highway from Port Arthur to the sea. But on both sides of it there are other lakes and rivers innumerable, the home of maskinonge, weighing up to 60 lb. or 70 lb., of high-leaping ouananiche, of lordly salmon and of speckled trout, of sturgeon, bass, pike and whitefish. You can pull your canoe into the reeds and shoot duck-mallard and canvas-back, redhead and pintail, widgeon; green-winged, blue-winged, and cinnamon teal; plover, snipe, curlew, and pelicans: geese and swans—till your gun is too hot to hold.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

On the marshy shores you can see the moose standing knee-high in the water, you can hear the whistle of the wapiti or follow the track of the caribou. You may meet the Hudson's Bay factor travelling in pomp, in a large war-canoe paddled by a numerous crew, with his camp-equipage following him. One summer evening on the Assiniboine I was startled to hear the unmistakable notes of a bagpipe in the far distance. Rounding the bend of the river came a fleet of canoes, with the Indian agent's leading, and a piper industriously warbling Highland airs in the bows. Tell it not in Inverness, but the piper was a half-breed!

And all of these things you may see on British soil, and, having once seen them, the memory thereof will abide with you for ever.

*C. Hanbury Williams.*

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1901.

An age too great for thought of ours to scan,  
A wave upon the sleepless sea of time  
That sinks and sleeps for ever, ere the chime  
Pass that salutes with blessing, not with ban,  
The dark year dead, the bright year born for man,  
Dies: all its days that watched man cower and climb,  
Frail as the foam, and as the sun sublime,  
Sleep sound as they that slept ere these began.

Our mother earth, whose ages none may tell,  
Puts on no change: time bids not her wax pale  
Or kindle, quenched or quickened, when the knell  
Sounds, and we cry across the veering gale  
Farewell—and midnight answers us, Farewell;  
Hail—and the heaven of morning answers, Hail.

*The Saturday Review.*

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

## A GERMAN SONG.

Spring showered down a wealth of blossom over the Gulf of Naples, and the air was so heavy with the scent that the fragrance almost seemed intoxicating. The rays of the sun shimmered in the air, so that it looked as though it were a radiant reunion of tiny, transparent, dancing and laughing sprites. The sounds of revelry and song, coming from the motley throng down below in the town, penetrated faintly to the secluded gardens of Posillipo, like a wave breaking on the sea-shore. Standing on the hill above, and approached by a steep winding path running between two walls covered with luxurious fig-trees and red-blossoming creepers, the Villa Brigitta, a former monastery, had an extensive view across the sea. From the little convent garden one could see the island of Capri and Vesuvius, rosy-hued in the mist, and its ever-changing threatening cloud of smoke, as well as the whole of the gulf, with all its beauties. The little garden itself was rather neglected. Roses, violets, oranges and lemons, with their affluence of blossom, grew close together, and the box-tree beyond, near the sun-lit hedge along the wall, added its fresh aroma to their perfume. Even the fountain held luxurious verdure, for the maidenhair and other ferns waved about gracefully, and were reflected in the dark surface of the water below. A pergola, with stone pillars, had been erected towards the sea, where everything grew in profusion and was at its best, for Nature with a special bounty towards Naples, has freed its inhabitants of all cares, and endowed them with indolence so that, having no wish to dabble too much in her kingdom, they may the more enjoy her gifts without much labor.

At that moment a wide glass door was opened in the house above, and two ladies descended slowly and carefully the dilapidated, moss-covered stone steps. One wore a large hat with a thick green veil; the other had smoothly parted, glossy brown hair and rosy cheeks, which had not yet lost the tender peach-bloom of youth. Her deep gray eyes anxiously followed each step taken by the other, and her red mouth smiled, as if it had always only smiled for others, whilst it gave the most agreeable modulations to a cheerful and soft alto voice.

"Now, mother, only one step more," and the veiled lady was guided carefully by the younger one, upon whom she leant firmly, walking with uncertainty and hesitation, as if fearing that she might stumble.

"Now this step, mother dear," and they entered the arbor walk.

"What a glorious morning! There must be a lovely view from here across the sea! But, L.J. my handkerchief."

"Have you really not got it, mother?" The daughter searched in the pockets and between the folds of the dress. "I have been unpardonably careless! Sit down here, dear mother. The perfume is so sweet! And can you hear the bees? I shall be back in a minute."

The old lady raised her veil slightly, in order to inhale the perfume. Her exceedingly delicate features showed traces of unusual beauty against their setting of snow-white hair. But her eyes were sunken and lifeless, for she was totally blind.

"Mother, the Grimanis are here; will you see them?" the daughter asked as she returned.

"Oh no, no, I do not wish to see any one. You know what a restless night I had. I am far too exhausted."

"Shall I ask them to come another day?"

"Yes, just as you like. Would you care to see them, Li?"

"Only if you do, mother dear."

The younger woman was not so young after all. Silver threads mingled with the brown hair, and tiny lines played around the eyes; there was also a furrow here and there between the eyebrows, but it was only like a shadow which was continually being dispelled by her ever-varying expression.

"I like best to be alone with my little Li."

The lines reappeared and the gray eyes assumed a yet deeper expression, whilst with merry laughter she replied pleasantly:

"Well, then, we will send them away."

The daughter was hurrying away when her mother called her back.

"But, Li, you are again in such a hurry."

"I beg your pardon, dear mother."

"You might, at any rate, invite them. For when do you think?"

The gray eyes glanced at the house, with the anxious thought: "We are keeping them too long!"

"I will go to the carriage, if you think we should, and ask them myself; that will be more friendly."

"But then I shall be alone so long."

"Shall I call Beppa?"

"Oh, no! Do you suppose I cannot be alone for three minutes? No, perhaps you had better call Beppa. I feel so nervous to-day. It seems so dark."

Those were, after all, only eighteen-year-old feet which ran up the steps, first to Beppa, then along the long passage and down another flight of stairs, on to the terrace, towards a landau full of friendly and smiling faces.

"Chère Li! Bonnie Li! Carissima!"

Thus exclaimed old and young, and in every key. She had a pleasant word

for each, as with panting breath she told them that the night had been bad and that her mother seemed very exhausted. Would they come another day?

And the glance from those eyes was so affectionate and far warmer than the most radiant kiss of the spring sun on the Gulf of Naples. Then she fled, and before the carriage moved on, the inmates looked at each other, exclaiming, "The Angel! What a saint!" And as they drove away they whispered about the life of sacrifice, and of the misfortune that she had never married, who would not fail to transform hearth and home into paradise, and they pictured the joy of calling such a being "mother." Whilst passing through the long windings of the road, shaded by the overhanging fig-trees, the eager sound of their voices grew louder and louder and when at length they rolled along the road to Naples, they were all shouting together and had argued themselves into quite a temper.

The subject of all this excitement had returned to the quiet convent garden long since, and was reading letters to her mother, her eyes the while always glancing on in advance, and cleverly skipping any passages which might cause the blind lady any kind of excitement.

They walked up and down for a little and then resealed themselves. In one place the blind mother found it too sunny for her eyes, in another too shady for her shoulders; farther on it was too damp for her feet, until at length a perfect spot was found and the doctor was announced. He was a lively Neapolitan, who evidently possessed the talent of cheering the blind lady, for he spoke and laughed loud and repeated town gossip, and also told of his successful cures, and of his good deeds to the poor. And she remembered neither the bad night nor her strained nerves.

The daughter meanwhile walked up and down between the thickly overgrown wall and the hedge of box, and read her letters through once more, with a careworn face and many a weary sigh. She then leant against the edge of the well and gazed down thoughtfully. A heavy drop fell from her eyes upon the motionless surface of the water, forming small rings extending to the mossy wall.

"Li!" sounded the mother's voice. "Li, where are you?"

"Here, mother dear," came the answer clearly and brightly, and once more the youthful radiance overspread her whole manner as she stooped over the invalid, and was questioned by her with reference to the hours of the night, and gave the doctor exact information.

The doctor prescribed quiet, ordered strengthening drops, and helped the invalid to her room, which was darkened in order to calm her nerves. Soon the only sounds which were audible were the deep-drawn breaths of the sleeper, and in the adjoining room the rapid scratching of a pen on paper, which was unfolded with the greatest care, so as to avoid its crackling.

In the afternoon, the mother, refreshed and cheered, entered the closed carriage, supported by the arm of her daughter, in order to go for a short drive. On their return, Beppa announced the arrival of the musicians.

"What do you think, little Li? Is it still warm enough on the balcony? If you will bring me my shawl and cloud, we will let them come there."

"Oh yes, dear mother, there is hardly a breath of air." The white wool cloud in texture almost like a spider's web, cast a halo round the blind woman's beautiful face with its delicate repose. The sea murmured below and Capri was bathed in tints of purple and violet.

The musicians appeared with much

bowing and scraping, flourishing of caps and smiling, one with a mandolin, the other with a guitar. In order to appreciate the pleasure which was in store for these two lonely women, one must have heard it oneself. It sounds like the music of another world, and comes upon the stranger as such a surprise, that the natives always await the first exclamation of rapture with eagerness. Both women listen smiling and delighted, as one song succeeds another. The musicians know well what will please the old lady, and that she must not hear anything sad, otherwise she is upset at once. At last one gets up and, approaching the signorina, says that they have lately learnt something new, a "*canzona tedesca*," a German song; would the signora like to hear it?

Oh yes, yes; for rarely, if ever, does the wind bear a German song into the Villa Brigitta. They tune up and begin "*The Ständchen*" by Schubert. The old, well-known and yet ever the same wonderful "*Ständchen*" of Schubert vibrates pathetically from the delicate instruments. The trembling has also affected Li's expression and soul; a hot blush suffuses her throat, cheeks and temples, whilst tears stream from the wide open eyes incessantly, and her breast swells with a suppressed sob.

Pensive melancholy is not the cause of this; it is ardent, youthful grief, which stirs the eye and trembles on the lips. It is not home-sickness—that she is well accustomed to, and has fought against it as a ridiculous weakness. No, the heart's deepest wound has been touched to the quick. The eyes no longer see the Gulf of Naples, or the musicians, or the glorious sunset tinging the sea from Posillippo as far as Vesuvius with a glow as it were of pure gold. They see a room at Heidelberg with its balcony doors wide open, where some one is sitting at the piano singing. Was the latter particularly



handsome or unusually good that he was able to make such conquest of little Li's heart? He sang beautifully, and Li was of the opinion that whoever sang as he did must necessarily be very good. She did not suspect that he loved her. She only knew that her mother, who was gradually growing blind, and who had sought help from one oculist after another, delighted in his singing, and she thought that he did all this out of pure goodness of heart. How was she, who never thought of herself, to know that her strange dark eyes and rosy face were of greater interest to him than the dim ones of the mother? He had been so indefatigable all that evening, and had sung all the "Müller Lieder" after commencing the "Winterreise," which had tried and agitated the invalid too much.

The moon shone down upon a perfect sheet of lilies of the valley, whose scent was wafted through the open window with the love-songs of the nightingales from the garden and the banks of the Neckar.

"Oh, please sing the 'Ständchen' again, if you are not too tired," exclaimed the blind lady. He looked at Li. She had rested her arms on the end of the piano. "Please," murmured the red lips with that bewitching smile which every one found irresistible.

Why cheeks, forehead and throat should suddenly become covered with blushes was certainly inexplicable; only one person noticed it, and he was singing the song as only a lover could sing it. Li felt a thrill pass through her, and her wonderful eyes hung on each word and note as if she were under a spell. He gazed into them steadfastly until the tension became too great, and he rose hurriedly and left the room.

"Why such haste?" inquired the blind lady. A question which Li did not repeat.

"I have still much to finish if I am to take part in the excursion to-morrow," and with that he departed.

And Li took part in the excursion, too, for her mother had been placed in the safe charge of a relative. She never knew how it came about that they walked alone in the beech wood, nor how it happened that he suddenly held her in his arms and kissed her, exclaiming repeatedly, "My Li, my Li, my fairy! My rosebud! My dearest little Li!"—and no one was any the wiser, except a robin and a titmouse overhead.

But how was her mother to be told without agitating her? Li thought about it throughout the whole long night and then through another, and he sang again, but Li was filled with fear and reproached herself for being a coward. During the third night her mother again had one of her serious attacks, with oppression and terrible pain in her eyes.

"Oh, Li," she said, "if I had not you I should die. Promise that you will never, never leave me. You used always to wish to be a nun; it is just as sacred an oath and a sacrifice well pleasing to God to watch by your mother. I shall certainly not live long, and then you will be free. Only stay near me during this short space of time."

"Yes, mother, I will stay with you."

In the morning she wrote the following letter:—

"My own Dearest:—

"You must not consider it cowardly on my part that I have not yet said anything to my mother. She had such a bad night that I became very anxious about her, and reproached myself for being so happy, whilst she suffers so. During the night she made me promise never to forsake her until her death. Could I refuse her this only consolation? And now I feel as if I could not

demand such a sacrifice from you. You do not owe her the love and gratitude of a child. Will you for my sake, bear with the poor, blind invalid, and make room for her in our little home? You were always so good to her that I venture to hope. Do not answer. If you come to-day and sing the 'Ständchen,' then I will speak at once, before you leave, and we will spend a very happy evening; if you cannot make this sacrifice for me, then do not come. Then farewell. I will never bear you any ill-will, but will be true to you till death.

"Your Li."

She wandered about during the day in an indescribable state of restlessness, first in the garden, then into the house, and then back again to the garden. She had decorated the room, the piano, the mirror and every little table most tastefully with fresh branches of beech, lilies of the valley and wood-ruff. The evening came. She sat with flushed cheeks and listened, but there was no familiar footstep. Every moment it seemed as if her heart stopped beating, as if a heavy cold arrow were shooting through it, and then she listened again. The hours passed. Several people came and her mother inquired for him.

"I think he has left; he told me he would have to go on a short journey!" Li said in a strong, clear voice, and then walked on to the balcony, because she was afraid of fainting, her heart beat so fiercely. "He has not come! He has not come!" It seemed to throb in her ears as if she had said it aloud.

Then a whisper came up to her from the garden. "Li, little Li, you must be mine! I shall die of longing if you refuse me, but I must have you alone, quite alone, my treasure! I cannot share you with another. Believe me, you will not be happy if you submit forever to this slavery. I cannot look

on any longer. Li, listen, listen to me! Do be reasonable, little Li."

But she shook her head, waved her hand and vanished. But she never saw him again nor did she ever hear a word of him. She and her mother travelled farther and farther, and never returned to Germany.

Only the garden of Santa Brigitta had been a witness of the fierce struggle of her heart, as she repeated to herself a hundred times that she ought to have talked him over and not cast him from her as she had done in the first bitterness of her sorrow. Perhaps he had thought she did not love him. She waited from day to day and from year to year and thought, "He will return some day," until it sounded like an old song in her heart. "He has not come back. He has not come back!"—an old forgotten song. And suddenly here it was brought to life again with all its old power after eighteen, nineteen years, by these unfortunate musicians. At last they ceased.

"How charming, Li! One might almost grow homesick through it, don't you think so?"

For one second there was silence; with a great effort the lips were forced to smile, and a cheerful "Yes, almost," was the answer. And once again no one witnessed the heroism. The musicians were delighted to have touched the signorina.

"Ancora, ancora! da capo!" exclaimed the blind lady. "Don't you think, Li, they might play it once more?"

"Da capo," murmured Li, and, rising noiselessly, she glided to the end of the terrace, rested her arms on the cold stone, and closing her ears with her fingers she sobbed as if her heart would break. However, she soon thought better of it. Folding her hands, she gazed up to heaven, whilst her lips murmured the ardent prayer that God would make her selfish, wicked heart good, patient and submissive.

At that moment the moon rose above Vesuvius and cast a broad beam as far as the foot of the Posilippo. The small boats glided along through the phosphorescent waves, trailing the light in narrow streaks behind them, until they disappeared far into the shadow. Li turned her face to the light. She had a feeling as if she had wandered through a fiery furnace and had been half-burned.

"It is growing chilly," said the blind lady. "Send the men away, Li; we will go indoors."

"Yes, mother dear," sounded clearly and brightly near her seat. But as her mother touched her slightly with her hand when taking her arm, she exclaimed:

"But, Li, your dress feels quite damp! Had you not noticed that the dew is falling? I shall certainly have the pain in my eyes!"

"Forgive, oh, forgive me! You will really have to get rid of me! I am so

inattentive. But this time it really is not the dew; I had been leaning against the railing, and probably there was some water there from the flowers!"

"You cannot think what pleasant memories that song awakens in me, Li! Some one once sang it when it was quite new and I was still young and beautiful!"

"You are so still, dearest mother!"

"Well, I must tell you about this! It was my greatest conquest, and I made your father quite jealous about him! It almost led to trouble!"

The old woman talked on whilst her daughter took her shawl and pushed the chair and the footstool in their proper places. Then she went out again to bring her mother the *bonbonnière*, which had fallen down. And the moon shone broad and placid across the gulf, and on to the terrace where it was reflected in the dew—in the dew of Li's hot tears.

*Carmen Sylva.*

*The Sunday Magazine.*

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### MY WISH.

If but for one brief day my soul might roam  
 In bird-form through the spaces of the air,  
 And hover on still wing above the foam,  
 And see more clearly what the hill-tops wear:  
 If I might feel the great wind's mighty wings  
 Upbearing me, until I touched the clouds,—  
 Until the silence whispered and the things  
 Of earth were blurred beneath the filmy shrouds:  
 If I might see the dawn grow white and scent  
 The upward breath of all the wild-wood flowers,  
 And fly at eve across that purple rent  
 Of darkening valley, with unfalling powers:  
 How would a longing of my life be stilled,  
 And childhood's frequent dreaming be fulfilled!

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

*R. O.*

## AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

### EXPLANATION.

It need hardly be said that the woman by whom these letters were written had no thought that they would be read by any one but the person to whom they were addressed. But a request, conveyed under circumstances which the writer herself would have regarded as all-commanding, urges that they should now be given to the world; and, so far as is possible with a due regard to the claims of privacy, what is here printed presents the letters as they were first written in their complete form and sequence.

Very little has been omitted which in any way bears upon the devotion of which they are a record. A few names of persons and localities have been changed; and several short notes (not above twenty in all), together with some passages bearing too intimately upon events which might be recognized, have been left out without indication of their omission.

It was a necessary condition to the present publication that the authorship of these letters should remain unstated. Those who know will keep silence: those who do not, will not find here any data likely to guide them to the truth.

The story which darkens these pages cannot be more fully indicated while the feelings of some who are still living have to be consulted: nor will the reader find the root of the tragedy explained in the letters themselves. But one thing at least may be said as regards the principal factors—that to the memory of neither of them does any blame belong. They were equally the victims of circumstances, which came whole out of the hands of fate and re-

mained, so far as one of the two was concerned, a mystery to the day of her death.

### LETTER I.

*Beloved:*—This is your first letter from me: yet it is not the first I have written to you. There are letters to you lying at love's dead-letter office in this same writing—so many, my memory has lost count of them!

This is my confession: I told you I had one to make, and you laughed:—you did not know how serious it was—for to be in love with you long before you were in love with me—nothing can be more serious than that!

You deny that I was; yet I know when you first really loved me. All at once, one day something about me came upon you as a surprise; and how, except on the road to love, can there be surprises? And in the surprise came love. You did not *know* me before. Before then, it was only the other nine entanglements which take hold of the male heart and occupy it till the tenth is ready to make one knot of them all.

In the letter written that day, I said, "You love me." I could never have said it before; though I had written twelve letters to my love for you, I had not once been able to write of your love for me. Was not *that* serious?

Now I have confessed! I thought to discover myself all blushes, but my face is cool: you have kissed all my blushes away! Can I ever be ashamed in your eyes now, or grow rosy because of anything *you* think or *I* think? So!—you have robbed me of one of my charms; I am brazen. Can you love me still?

You love me, you love me; you are

wonderful! we are both wonderful, you and I.

Well, it is good for you to know I have waited and wished, long before the thing came true. But to see *you* waiting and wishing, when the thing *was* true all the time;—oh! that was the trial! How not suddenly to throw my arms round you and cry, "Look, see! O blind mouth, why are you famished?"

And you never knew? Dearest, I love you for it, you never knew! I believe a man, when he finds he has won, thinks he has taken the city by assault: he does not guess how to the insiders it has been a weary siege, with flags of surrender fluttering themselves to rags from every wall and window! No: in love it is the women who are the strategists; and they have at last to fall into the ambush they know of with a good grace.

You must let me praise myself a little for the past, since I can never praise myself again. You must do that for me now! There is not a battle left for me to win. You and peace hold me so much a prisoner, have so caught me from my own way of living, that I seem to hear a pin drop twenty years ahead of me: it seems an event! Dearest, a thousand times, I would not have it be otherwise; I am only too willing to drop out of existence altogether and find myself in your arms instead. Giving you my love, I can so easily give you my life. Ah, my dear, I am yours so utterly, so gladly! Will you ever find it out, you, who took so long to discover anything?

#### LETTER II.

*Dearest*:—Your name woke me this morning; I found my lips piping their song before I was well back into my body out of dreams. I wonder if the rogues babble when my spirit is nesting. Last night you were a high tree and I was in it, the wind blowing us

both; but I forget the rest—whatever, it was enough to make me wake happy.

There are dreams that go out like candle-light directly one opens the shutters; they illumine the walls no longer; the daylight is too strong for them. So, now, I can hardly remember anything of my dreams; daylight, with you in it, floods them out.

Oh, how are you? Awake? Up? Have you breakfasted? I ask you a thousand things. You are thinking of me, I know: but what are you thinking? I am devoured by curiosity about myself—none at all about you, whom I have all by heart! If I might only know how happy I make you, and just *which* thing I said yesterday is making you laugh to-day—I could cry with joy over being the person I am.

It is you who make me think so much about myself, trying to find myself out. I used to be most selfpossessed, and regarded it as the crowning virtue: and now—your possession of me sweeps it away, and I stand crying to be let into a secret that is no longer mine. Shall I ever know *why* you love me? It is my religious difficulty; but it never rises into a doubt. You *do* love me, I know. *Why*, I don't think I ever can know.

Yet ask me the same question about yourself, and it becomes absurd, because I altogether belong to you. If I hold my breath for a moment wickedly (for I can't do it breathing), and try to look at the world with you out of it, I seem to have fallen over a precipice; or rather, the solid earth has slipped from under my feet, and I am off into vacuum. Then, as I take breath again for fear, my star swims up and clasps me, and shows me your face. O happy star this that I was born under, that moved with me and winked quiet prophecies at me all through my childhood, I not knowing what it meant—the dear radiant thing naming to me my lover!



As a child, now and then, and for no reason, I used to be sublimely happy; real wings took hold of me. Sometimes a field became fairyland as I walked through it; or a tree poured out a scent that its blossoms never had before or after. I think now that those must have been moments when you too were in like contact with earth—had your feet in grass which felt a faint ripple of wind, or stood under a lilac in a drench of fragrance that had grown double after rain.

When I asked you about the places of your youth, I had some fear of finding that we might once have met, and that I had not remembered it as the summing up of my happiness in being young. Far off I see something undiscovered waiting us, something I could not have guessed at before—the happiness of being old. Will it not be something like the evening before last when we were sitting together, your hand in mine, and one by one, as the twilight drew about us, the stars came and took up their stations overhead? They seemed to me then to be following out some quiet train of thought in the universal mind; the heavens were remembering the stars back into their places:—the Ancient of Days drawing upon the infinite treasures of memory in his great lifetime. Will not Love's old age be the same to us both—a starry place of memories?

Your dear letter is with me while I write; how shortly you are able to say everything! To-morrow you will come. What more do I want—except to-morrow itself, with more promises of the same thing?

You are at my heart, dearest; nothing in the world can be nearer to me than you!

#### LETTER III.

*Dearest and Rightly Beloved:*—You cannot tell how your gift has pleased me; or rather you *can*, for it shows you

have a long memory back to our first meeting: though at the time I was the one who thought most of it.

It is quite true; you have the most beautifully shaped memory in Christendom: these are the very books in the very edition I have long wanted, and have been too humble to afford myself. And now I cannot stop to read one, for joy of looking at them all in a row. I will kiss you for them all, and for more besides: indeed it is the "besides" which brings you my kisses at all.

Now that you have chosen so perfectly to my mind, I may proffer a request which, before, I was shy of making. It seems now beneficently anticipated. It is that you will not ever let your gifts take the form of jewelry, not after the ring which you are bringing me: *that*, you know, I both welcome and wish for. But, as to the rest, the world has supplied me with a feeling against jewelry as a love-symbol. Look abroad and you will see; it is too possessive, too much like "chains of office"—the fair one is to wear her radiant harness before the world, that other women may be envious and the desire of her master's eye be satisfied! Ah, no!

I am yours, dear, utterly; and nothing you give me would have that sense; I know you too well to think it. But in the face of the present fashion (and to flout it), which expects the lover to give in this sort, and the beloved to show herself a dazzling captive, let me cherish my ritual of opposition which would have no meaning if we were in a world of our own, and no place in my thoughts, dearest;—as it has not now, so far as you are concerned. But I am conscious I shall be looked at as your chosen; and I would choose my own way of how to look back most proudly.

And so for the books more thanks and more—that they are what I would most wish, and not anything else;

which, had they been, they would still have given me pleasure, since from you they could come only with a good meaning; and diamonds even—I could have put up with them!

To-morrow you come for your ring, and bring me my own? Yours is here waiting. I have it on my finger, very loose, with another standing sentry over it to keep it from running away.

A mouse came out of my wainscot last night, and plunged me in horrible dilemma: for I am equally idiotic over the idea of the creature trapped or free, and I saw sleepless nights ahead of me till I had secured a change of locality for him.

To startle him back into hiding would have only deferred my getting truly rid of him, so I was most tiptoe and diplomatic in my doings. Finally, a paper bag, put into a likely nook with some sentimentally preserved wedding-cake crumbled into it, cracked to me of his arrival. In a brave moment I noosed the little beast, bag and all, and lowered him from the window by string, till the shrubs took from me the burden of responsibility.

I visited the bag this morning: he had eaten his way out, crumbs and all: and has, I suppose, become a fieldmouse, for the hay smells invitingly, and it is only a short run over the lawn and a jump over the ha-ha to be in it. Poor morsels, I prefer them so much unmasticated!

Now this mouse is no allegory, and the paper bag is *not* a diamond necklace, in spite of the wedding-cake sprinkled over it! So don't say that this letter is too hard for your understanding, or you will frighten me from telling you anything foolish again. Brains are like jewels in this, difference of surface has nothing to do with the size and value of them. Yours is a beautiful smooth round, like a pearl, and mine all facets and flashes like cut glass. And yours so much the bigger,

and I love it so much the best! The trap which caught me was baited with one great pearl. So the mouse comes in with a meaning tied to its tail after all!

#### LETTER IV.

In all the world, dearest, what is more unequal than love between a man and a woman? I have been spending an amorous morning and want to share it with you; but lo, the task of bringing that bit of my life into your vision is altogether beyond me.

What have I been doing? Dear man, I have been dressmaking! and dress, when one is in the toils is but a love-letter writ large. You will see and admire the finished thing, but you will take no interest in the composition. Therefore I say your love is unequal to mine.

For think how ravished I would be if you brought me a coat and told me it was all your own making! One day you had thrown down a mere tailor-made thing in the hall, and yet I kissed it as I went by. And that was at a time when we were only at the hand-shaking stage, the palsied beginnings of love:—*you*, I mean!

But oh, to get you interested in the dress I was making to you to-day!—the beautiful flowing opening,—not too flowing: the elaborate central composition where the heart of me has to come, and the wind-up of the skirt, a long reluctant tailing-off, full of commas and colons of ribbon to make it seem longer, and insertions everywhere. I dreamed myself in it, retiring through the door after having bidden you good-night, and you watching the long disappearing eloquence of that tail, still saying to you as it vanished, "Good-bye, good-bye. I love you so! see me, how slowly I am going!"

Well, that is a bit of my dressmaking, a very corporate part of my affection for you; and you are not a bit in-

terested, for I have shown you none of the seamy side; it is that which interests you male creatures, Zolaïtes, every one of you.

And what have you to show similar, of the thought of me entering into all your masculine pursuits? Do you go out rabbit-shooting for the love of me? If so, I trust you make a miss of it every time! That you are a sportsman is one of the very hardest things in life that I have to bear.

Last night Peterkins came up with me to keep guard against any further intrusion of mice. I put her to sleep on the couch: but she discarded the red shawl I had prepared for her at the bottom, and lay at the top most uncomfortably in a parcel of millinery into which from one end I had already made excavations, so that it formed a large bag. Into the further end of this bag Turks crept and snuggled down: but every time she turned in the night (and it seemed very often) the brown paper crackled and woke me up. So at last I took it up and shook out its contents; and Pippins slept soundly on red flannel till Nan-nan brought the tea.

You will notice that in this small narrative Peterkins gets three names: it is a fashion that runs through the household, beginning with the Mother-Aunt, who on some days speaks of Nan-nan as the "the old lady," and sometimes as "that girl," all according to the two tempers she has about Nan-nan's privileged position in regard to me.

You were only here yesterday, and already I want you again so much, so much!

Your never satisfied but always loving.

#### LETTER V.

*Most Beloved:*—I have been thinking, staring at this blank piece of paper, and wondering how *there* am I ever to

say what I have in me here—not wishing to say anything at all, but just to be! I feel that I am living now only because you love me; and that my life will have run out, like this penful of ink, when that use in me is past. Not yet, Beloved, oh, not yet! Nothing is finished that we have to do and hardly begun! I will not call even this "midsummer," however much it seems so; it is still only spring.

Every day your love blinds me more deeply than I knew the day before; so that no day is the same now, but each one a little happier than the last. My own, you are my very own! And yet, true as that is, it is not so true as that I am *your* own. It is less absolute, I mean; and must be so, because I cannot very well *take* possession of anything when I am given over heart and soul out of my possession; there isn't enough identity left in me, I am yours so much, so much! All this is useless to say, yet what can I say else, if I have to begin saying anything.

Could I truly be your "star and goddess," as you call me, Beloved, I would do you the service of Thetis at least (who did it for a greater than herself)—

"Bld Heaven and Earth combine their charms,

And round you early, round you late,  
Briareus fold his hundred arms

To guard you from your single fate."

But I haven't got power over an eight-armed octopus even; so am merely a very helpless loving nonentity which merges itself most happily in you, and begs to be lifted to no pedestal at all, at all.

If you love me in a manner that is at all possible, you will see that "goddess" does not suit me. "Star" I would I were now, with a wide eye to carry my looks to you over this horizon which keeps you invisible. Choose one, if you

will, dearest, and call it mine; and to me it shall be yours so that when we are apart and the stars come out, our eyes may meet up at the same point in the heavens, and be "keeping company" for us among the celestial bodies—with their permission; for I have too lively a sense of their beauty not to be a little superstitious about them. Have you not felt for yourself a sort of physiognomy in the constellations—most of them seeming benevolent and full of kind regards—but not all? I am always glad when the Great Bear goes away from my window, fine beast though he is; he seems to growl at me! No doubt it is largely a question of names; and what's in a name? In yours, Beloved, when I speak it, more love than I can compass!

## LETTER VI.

*Beloved:*—I have been trusting to fate, while keeping silence, that something from you was to come to-day and make me specially happy. And it has; bless you abundantly! You have undone and got round all I said about "jewelry," though this is nothing of the sort, but a shrine; so my word remains. I have it with me now, safe hidden, only now and then it comes out to have a look at me—smiles and goes back again. Dearest, you must *feel* how I thank you, for I cannot say it; body and soul I grow too much blessed with all that you have given me, both visibly and invisibly, and always perfectly.

And as for the day; I have been thinking you the most uncurious of men, because you had not asked; and supposed it was too early days yet for you to remember that I had ever been born. To-day is my birthday! you said nothing, so I said nothing; and yet this has come; I trusted my star to show its sweet influences in its own way. Or, after all, did you know, and had you asked any one but

me? Yet had you known, you would have wished me the "happy returns" which among all your dear words to me you do not. So I take it that the motion comes straight to you from heaven; and, in the event, you will pardon me for having been still secretive and shy in not telling what you did not inquire after. *Yours*, I knew, dear, quite long ago, so had no need to ask you for it. And it is six months before you will be in the same year with me again, and give to twenty-two all the companionable sweetness that twenty-one has been having.

Many happy returns of *my* birthday to you, dearest! That is all that my birthdays are for. Have you been happy to-day, I wonder? and am wondering also whether this evening we shall see you walking quietly in and making everything into perfection that has been trembling just on the verge of it all day long.

One drawback of my feast is that I have to write short to you; for there are other correspondents who on this occasion look for quick answers, and not all of them to be answered in an offhand way. Except you, it is the costliest whom I keep waiting; but elders have a way with them—even kind ones; and when they condescend to write upon an anniversary, we have to skip to attention or be in their bad books at once.

So with the sun still a long way out of bed, I have to tuck up these sheets for you, as if the good of the day had already been sufficient unto itself and its full tale had been told. Good-night. It is so hard to take my hands off writing to you, and worry on at the same exercise in another direction. I kiss you more times than I can count; it is almost really you that I kiss now! My very dearest, my own sweetheart, whom I so worship. Good-night! "Good-afternoon" sounds too funny; is outside our vocabulary altogether.

While I live, I must love you more than I know!

LETTER VII.

*My Friend:*—Do you think this is a cold way of beginning? I do not; is it not the true send-off of love? I do not know how men fall in love; but I could not have had that come-down in your direction without being your friend first. Oh my dear, and after, after; it is but a limitless friendship I have grown into!

I have heard men run down the friendships of women as having little true substance. Those who speak so, I think, have never come across a real case of woman's friendship. I praise my own sex dearest, for I know some of their loneliness, which you do not; and until a certain date their friendship was the deepest thing in life I had met with.

For must it not be true that a woman becomes more absorbed in friendship than a man, since friendship may have to mean so much more to her, and cover so far more of her life, than it does to the average man? However big a man's capacity for friendship, the beauty of it does not fill his whole horizon for the future; he still looks ahead of it for the mate who will complete his life, giving his body and soul the complement they require. Friendship alone does not satisfy him; he makes a bigger claim on life, regarding certain possessions as his right.

But a woman—oh, it is a fashion to say the best women are sure to find husbands, and have, if they care for it, the certainty before them of a full life. I know it is not so. There are women, wonderful ones, who come to know quite early in life that no men will ever wish to make wives of them; for them, then, love in friendship is all that remains, and the strongest wish of all that can pass through their souls

with hope for its fulfilment is to be a friend to somebody.

It is man's arrogant certainty of his future which makes him impatient of the word "friendship"; it cools life to his lips, he so confident that the headier nectar is his due!

I came upon a little phrase the other day that touched me so deeply; it said so well what I have wanted to say since we have known each other. Some peasant rhymers, an Irishman, is singing his love's praises, and sinks his voice from the height of his passionate superlatives to call her his "share of the world." Peasant and Irishman, he knew that his fortune did not embrace the universe; but for him his love was just that—his share of the world.

Surely when in any one's friendship we seem to have gained our share of the world that is all that can be said. It means all that we can take in, the whole armful the heart and senses are capable of, or that fate can bestow. And for how many that must be friendship—especially for how many women!

My dear, you are my share of the world, also my share of Heaven; but there I begin to speak of what I do not know, as is the way with happy humanity. All that my eyes could dream of waking or sleeping, all that my ears could be most glad to hear, all that my heart could beat faster to get hold of—your friendship gave me suddenly as a bolt from the blue.

My friend, my friend, my friend! If you could change or go out of my life now, the sun would drop out of my heavens; I should see the world with a great piece gashed out of its side—my share of it gone. No, I should not see it. I don't think I should see anything ever again—not truly.

Is it not strange how often to test our happiness we harp on sorrow? I do; don't let it weary you. I know I have read somewhere that great love always



entails pain. I have not found it yet; but, for me, it does mean fear—the sort of fear I had as a child going into big buildings. I loved them; but I feared, because of their bigness, they were likely to tumble on me.

But when I begin to think you may be too big for me, I remember you as my “friend,” and the fear goes for a time, or becomes that sort of fear I would not part with if I might.

I have no news for you; only the old things to tell you, the wonder of which ever remains new. How holy your face has become to me; as I saw it last,

with something more than the usual proofs of love for me upon it—a look as if your love troubled you! I know the trouble; I feel it, dearest, in my own woman's way. Have patience. When I see you so, I feel that prayer is the only way given me for saying what my love for you wishes to be. And yet I hardly ever pray in words.

Dearest, be happy when you get this; and, when you can, come and give my happiness its rest. Till then it is a watchman on the lookout.

“Night-night!” Your true sleepy one.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

I do not desire to write any personal article about the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. My acquaintance with him, though moderately intimate, was not sufficiently continuous to justify me in so doing. But though I can only claim a ten-year old and very casual personal acquaintance, I can claim a nineteen-year old and very intimate acquaintance with his work. At that time, I mean in '81, people who had known their Offenbach—Mr. W. E. Henley for example—would not listen to the other name of Sullivan; they used the language of the street in connection with him: “He was a fake,” they said, “a mere imitation; he had none of the elements which rejoiced our early days.” Of course that was all nonsense. For indeed the early days of the men who are now middle-aged can point to a greater accumulation of enjoyment handed to them out of the gay and courteous brain of Sullivan than ever came from the reckless brain of Offenbach. I begin on this point because it is necessary to emphasize the

difference between the two men. When it happened that Mr. D'Oyly Carte, most excellent of entrepreneurs, found himself for some “carpet” reason in disagreement with Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert—I really do not know which way the dispute veered—it occurred to his fertile brain that a revival of Offenbach would be an excellent substitute for the continuation of Sullivan. With all pomp and circumstance he mounted the more ancient and extremely jiggling composer. He then experienced Wolsey's knowledge of a king's anger, for the public, in this instance, was the King. “Then there came a frost, a killing frost.” For nobody, unless I except Mr. Robert Hichens, cared about Offenbach; nobody desired to see his scenario, or to hear his music; and when the reconciliation came, it was pleasant to note that Arthur Sullivan could once more foregather a London crowd.

The work of Arthur Sullivan is a curious tangle. Now he was grave; now he was gay; now he was senti-

mental; now he was humorous; but I have to say this much, that he blended these elements so exquisitely, he made them in the blending so much a part of himself, that in the ultimate production he reached the finest accomplishment of artistry.

Let me begin by reciting my views upon the fashion of work in which he pleased me least. I refer to his casual songs. Among these, I suppose "The Lost Chord" easily takes pre-eminence, yet it is a song which is just as cheap in its expression as was the sentiment which inspired Adelaide Proctor to write it. It was all very well for the agreeable, arrogant young gentleman to say that he could beat MacFarren's version of the same song; and no doubt he did beat it. It did not need a Sullivan to accomplish that feat; but I almost think that it would not take very much more than a Sullivan to beat his own version of the same song. I select this particular example with some deliberation because it represents the full ripeness of Sullivan as a song writer. When I say so much I do not forget the beautiful setting of Tennyson's "The Loves of the Wrens," which includes that most exquisite song "Where is Another, Sweet as my Sweet?" For the rest, as I have often said during his lifetime (although I am bound to add he personally differed from me so far as conversation goes), I did not regard him seriously as the composer of unconsidered trifles. After all, when you look on the collection of Mozart's songs which are gathered together in a fine volume by the Novellos, you find precisely the same phenomenon; such a song as "Addio," such a song as "Io ti Lascio" will always remain the monumental example of the futility of genius, when it is not accompanied by a requisite inspiration. For this reason, Sullivan was exceedingly happy in finding his vocation in the composition of comic operas,

even as Mozart was happy when he turned to such lovely work as "Così Fan Tutte," "Il Seraglio," and "Le Nozze de Figaro." There Sullivan stole from uncertainties his true calling, there he found where the exquisite brain wherewith he was gifted could work its way for the delight of the world, could accomplish not only for its own delight (alas for the decadence of art!) but for the delight of multitudes, a work worthy of himself, and worthy of the world of men.

I mean here, of course, to write no biography, no record of dates wherewith to chronicle the life of Sullivan; I desire only to put on record some memorial of what I think to have been genius, of what I am certain will persist until this modern world is rolled up as the ancient worlds were rolled up one by one, finding, as one may imagine, their sole record in the Rosetta stone, now to be viewed with awe, at the British Museum. Suffice it that these words may be said: Sullivan a chorister, a boy-singer, the son of a bandmaster, the lover of music, a child of the world, turned to art as his natural mistress in this work-a-day planet. Having done so much, it was natural that the boy should attempt to find in the art of his own nature the means of his own livelihood. In a word, he made for the comforts of life. And why should he not have so decided? I know perfectly well that there are a certain number of people who declare that the artist must so far be apart from all mundane affairs that his art should suffice for him. There is, so far as I know, no artist who has ever accomplished that feat, save only the immortal Mozart. The great preacher in modern times of that gospel, himself quarrelled about the price of a picture; and, in a word, I may dismiss the whole question of commercialism, so far as Arthur Sullivan goes, merely

with this remark:—He worked for the world, and he worked for himself. That, to my notion, is the ideal record of any human ambition.

I cannot claim so long a life as to be able to remember the first production at the Royalty Theatre of "Trial by Jury," which had been preceded by a work called "The Zoo," copies of which (so far as I know) are not in existence. But "Trial by Jury" at once proclaimed to the world that a genuine musician was here, who brought also with his music the appeal of a sense of humor, and the assurance of a definite individuality. Well do I remember the surprise and delight of those who, going to that haunt of amusement to see a somewhat dull play, happened to arrive a little too soon, and were perforce compelled to see the curtain-raiser. Settling down into boredom (there are few curtain-raisers which do not compel you to settle down to boredom), man was suddenly made aware of a brilliant, an engrossing, a captivating piece of work which set the whole theatrical table, as one may say in parody, in a roar. From then, so far as I am concerned, there was a blank, until the production of "Patience." The intervening works I have made a later acquaintance with. But I heard "Patience" at the Opera Comique. Let me describe something of the feelings with which I greeted the production. It seemed to me like a new planet which had swum into my ken. It was all new, all fresh, all fascinating, all captivating. When the curtain rose upon "Twenty Love-Sick Maidens," I thought that, despite the burglary from Wallace's "Hark, those Chimes so Sweetly Stealing," a fine goal of beauty had been reached. As the piece went on, culminating in the first act with that exquisite Sestet "I Hear the Soft Note," I assumed an all-reverential attitude, and, when the end came, I bowed my head in recognition of an

artist who, like the flowers in the Song of Solomon, had appeared in the land. "Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra."

Then again there came a blank, so far as I was concerned, and the next opera to hear was "Iolanthe." This work, it strikes me, has not the complete Sullivan charm about it; there are numbers assuredly such as "He Loves: If in the Bygone Days" and "Good Morrow, Good Lover," which he has rarely equalled in much greater works. But as a whole, unless indeed you except the Sentry song at the beginning of the second act, it was below his right level.

"Princess Ida" followed, for my own experience—and I am writing of course a very personal paper—but, although it contained exceedingly good music, take for example "Go You and Inform the Lady," "Would You Know the Kind of Maid," and some of the choruses, it was not at his usual level of high spirits. "The Mikado," which was its more or less immediate successor, needs no words from me to express how splendidly intimate, how exquisitely delicate, how delightfully humorous a talent was brought to its creation. Then I come to "The Yeomen of the Guard" which, so far as the combination of the two men Gilbert and Sullivan goes, strikes me as reaching what in cant phrase would be called the high-water mark. It was composed, as Sullivan himself told me, amid circumstances of great difficulty. He was ill; he was troubled; he was melancholy; he had taken unto himself some of the gloomy thoughts of the world; and the most famous song in the whole opera, "I have a Song to Sing, O!" cost him infinite pains in the construction. In fact, if I remember aright a conversation which I had with him in his own rooms some years ago, he told me that the lilt of the melody was suggested by Mr. Gilbert himself, who had heard sailors on a Norwegian

smack singing a sort of tune which resembled the ultimate creation of Sullivan.

Here I will venture to relate a very curious personal experience. It so happened that I journeyed to Rome almost immediately after my hearing for the first time "The Yeomen of the Guard." I was full of its melodies, full of its charm; and one night walking through the Piazza di Spagna, I was whistling the beautiful concerted piece, "Strange Adventure," whistling it with absolutely no concern and just for the love of the music. A window was suddenly opened and a little face looked out in the moonlight, while a thin voice exclaimed in apparent seriousness: "Who's that whistling my music?" I looked up with astonishment and with some awe, and told the gentleman that if he were Sir Arthur Sullivan it was his music that I was whistling; and, said I, I thought that the copyright did not extend to Italy. I remember how he convulsed with laughter somewhat to my discomfiture, and closed the window to shut out the chill of the night. I never dared at that period of life to make any call upon one whom I considered to be so far above the possibilities of intercourse.

There is no clear necessity to discuss in detail the separate operas which followed "The Yeomen of the Guard"; their success is a thing known to the man in the street and it would take a volume to analyze them thoroughly. This much only will I say, "Utopia," which, as I believe, had no very great success, contained some of his finest music, some of the most delightful and refined thoughts that ever entered into a delightful and refined brain. After "Utopia" there came a killing frost; the success which had danced attendance like the sylphs in the "Rape of the Lock" upon his spirit as though he were a very Belinda, deserted his fortune. In a word, he had somewhat

outlived his period; he had had his day; and Mr. D'Oyly Carte showed infinite tact in reviving the earlier successes which had placed so heavy a crown of laurel upon Sullivan's beloved head. These revivals have most curiously proved, as my friend to whom I have before referred, Mr. Robert Hichens, once remarked to me, how persistent the freshness, the springlike beauty of Sullivan's talent remains, despite the cruel advance of years, despite all the hard-heartedness of modernity.

I take my farewell of Arthur Sullivan with a very heavy heart; I regret his going as I welcomed his coming, and though I use the first person so persistently, it is not by way of egotism; it is merely because one human person wishes to put on record something that an engrossing and delightful man has done for him. He was one of those curious people who never seemed to make a mistake. Tact, which has been called by a fine wit "the nimble sense of fitness," was always like an Ariel by his side, and seemed in some curious way to direct every action of his life. To see him conduct was to see the man of tact; to hear his music was to hear the composition of the man of tact; to be welcomed by him in his own rooms was to be welcomed by the man of tact; he always knew how to order his life; and he ordered his life well. He went through it gaily, sweetly, and with vitality always dancing at his heels; he seemed to embrace vitality as it were, and the gods conferred upon him all the dues which so worshipful an adoration of vitality as his deserved. He goes from us leaving a great legacy, an artist without a stain, a beautiful character without a slur. He sleeps among the great dead of St. Paul's and, though he prospered in life—I say that for the sake of the jeers of them that think that prosperity must always be disassociated from genius—he remains to my mind one of

the planets of art, a worthy compeer of him who lies at Bayreuth, the Master of the "Meistersinger," and of him who lies, no man knows where, who wrote "Don Giovanni." For the creator of that immortal work, the Master of

"Die Zauberflöte" was Sullivan's ideal, Sullivan's god, and indeed there is no man who so resembled his idol as he who has gone. "Nothing is here for tears. . . . Ripeness is all."

Vernon Blackburn.

The Fortnightly Review.

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### BY THE CENTURY'S DEATHBED.

I leant upon a paddock gate  
 When shades were spectre-gray,  
 And winter's dregs made desolate  
 The weakening eye of day.  
 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky,  
 Like strings from broken lyres,  
 And all mankind that haunted nigh  
 Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
 The Century's corpse outleant,  
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
 The wind his death-lament,  
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth,  
 Was shrunken, hard, and dry,  
 And every spirit upon earth  
 Seemed fervorless as I.

At once a voice outburst among  
 The bleak twigs overhead  
 In a full-hearted evensong  
 Of joy illimited.  
 An aged thrush, frail, thin, and small,  
 In blast-beruffled plume,  
 Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
 Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings  
 Of such ecstatic sound  
 Was written on terrestrial things  
 Afar or nigh around,  
 That I could think there trembled through  
 His happy good-night air  
 Some Blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
 And I was unaware.

London Graphic.

Thomas Hardy.